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A Journal of Opinion

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The Court Upholds the NLRB

Those who have been complaining loudly that the National Labor Relations Board has been unfair to employers in its proceedings will have to explain their disagreement with the United States Supreme Court in at least one instance. What makes this decision all the more embarrassing for the Board's opponents is that it was unanimous, while two of the liberals, Cardozo and Reed, did not participate. The Court upheld the Board in ordering the reinstatement of five former strikers by the Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company. This decision was rendered in spite of the fact that the Board had not served on the employer the intermediate report of its trial examiner—the very technicality complained of in the Ford and Republic steel cases. The Board has tried to withdraw these cases from the courts in order to remedy what it feared was a technical error, but the decision of the Court that the Mackay company was not denied a full and fair hearing would seem to make such action unnecessary. The Supreme Court also vacated an injunction against picketing by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union in the Kansas City strike in the Donnelly Garment Company. It consented to review the claim of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York that the Board has no jurisdiction over its dispute with the CIO electrical union, which it opposes in the interest of a contract with the parallel A.F. of L. body. Altogether, the day was a good one for those waiting for clarity in the legal problems of labor.

Japan Struggles On

Japanese claims of the imminent fall of Suchow, the long sought railway junction of the Lung-Hai and Tsin-Pu lines, seem justified by the gains made during the week; but last-minute reports indicate that the major objective of their tremendous effort in this area, which was not the capture or destruction of Suchow itself but of the Chinese army, has not been attained. General Li Tsung-jen is reported to have drawn off his main body, with its guns and supplies, to the westward, keeping himself interposed between the Japanese and the far more vital rail junction of Chengchow. Provincial troops are fighting furious rear-guard actions to cover the withdrawal of the regular divisions. If these reports prove to be accurate, the principal Japanese gain in the capture of Suchow will be the linking up of their northern and southern armies, affording them a strategic advantage similar to that acquired by Franco when he made contact with Mola along the Seville-Burgos railway in the fall of 1936. They will still have before them the ever increasing problem of boring deeper into the Asiatic continent, with constantly lengthening lines of communication and difficulties of supply, if they remain bent on their avowed purpose of bludgeoning the Chinese government into submission. Meanwhile the financial and

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economic burdens imposed on the Japanese people are daily growing heavier. The lift to their morale which the fall of Suchow will undoubtedly afford will soon fade before a realization of the magnitude of the task which still lies before them.

On the Spanish Front

It is now reasonably clear that the immediate objective of Franco's operations between Teruel and the sea is the Teruel-Sagunto railway; once this line is in his possession he has a clear lateral line of communications, paralleling his new front, from Valladolid via Catalayud and Teruel to the coast. The strategic freedom of action thus afforded him will enable him either to continue his drive southward on Valencia, to shift his attack to Madrid if the Loyalists weaken their forces there too much, or, as seems most likely at the moment, to assume the defensive on this front with every advantage of position over the Loyalists, and to turn his attention to the final reduction of Catalonia, precisely as he assumed the defensive on the Madrid front last year while he reduced the Basque-Asturian enclave.

Under more difficult conditions both of weather and terrain, the new Rebel offensive tactics, first worked out in the Bilbao campaign and brought to perfection in the Ebro offensive, continue as effective as ever, gaining ground steadily if not as rapidly as in the more open terrain of Aragon. The old infantry-artillery team is now in triple harness, having become an infantry-artillery-air-force trio. Unless the Loyalists can work out an effective counter to this combination, their chances of final success—barring always the receding possibility of French intervention—are becoming darker with every day that passes.

The British Cabinet Shake-up

The resignation of Viscount Swinton as British Air Minister may be accepted as a somewhat belated acknowledgment by Mr. Chamberlain of the growing popular dissatisfaction with the progress of the Royal Air Force expansion program, as well as a rising tide of insistence even in Conservative ranks in the Commons upon having an Air Minister within reach of parliamentary questioning instead of safely tucked away in the chaste precincts of the House of Lords. The prompt replacement at the Colonial Office of Lord Harlech (W. G. Ormsby-Gore) by Malcolm MacDonald, on the former's succession to a peerage, is additional indication of impatience with the policy of having key Ministers in Lords: an impatience with which Viscount Halifax's immunity in the present hectic condition of British foreign affairs has doubtless had no little to do. It is notable that in the Cabinet shake-up two of the Ministers advanced to more important posts (MacDonald and Walter Elliot) were counted among the closest associates of Anthony Eden; a fact which makes more interesting the rumor now current of Eden's coming return to the Cabinet as Secretary of State for India, in succession to the elderly Marquess of Zetland. Viscount Swinton's successor at the Air Ministry, Sir Kingsley Wood, has an excellent record as an administrator, but his age (he is sixty-two) suggests the possibility that his is a stop-gap appointment: more especially as the War and Admiralty portfolios are both held by men under fifty.

Henlein in London

What promises did the British government make to Henlein, leader of the Germans in Czechoslovakia, on his recent visit to London? Thus far the matter is a well guarded secret. Henlein's visit was a complicated diplomatic maneuver. He wanted to increase his own importance in the eyes of the world, and in this he succeeded. He hoped to destroy the impression that he is only Hitler's mouthpiece, and he may have been partially successful in this, though the essential fact remains. The story that Chamberlain agreed that Germany should annex part of Czechoslovakia seems incredible on its face. Britain and France are working for a peaceful, compromise solution. The question remains whether the Czech government can yield on this question to the extent that Great Britain and France will demand, without being overthrown by the people, who would prefer war to national humiliation.

Ohio Needs Relief

The breakdown of relief administration in many of Ohio's principal cities, particularly Cleveland, received a good deal of newspaper space last week. In Dayton, Toledo and Columbus relief budgets have been entirely exhausted. In Cincinnati, Youngstown, Canton and Akron there is only enough money left to take care of the needy for a few months, and then only if the unemployment rolls grow no larger. In Cleveland there are 75,000 citizens on relief with no funds available for their aid and no means of raising money except by taking it from the regular operating allowances. In Ohio relief has been financed by equal appropriations from the local municipalities and from the state. The cities are now asking that the sum be increased to keep step with growing unemployment and that they be allowed to levy special relief taxes on something beside real estate. While the state legislature, dominated by the representatives of Ohio's rural areas, debates over these questions the indigent in depressed industrial communities are in desperate straits. Ohio's relief problem, with a few minor variations on the theme, is repeated in nearly every state of the union. Direct relief has been left entirely to the cities and the states and there is a tendency for each group to insist that the problem belongs to the other. Perhaps Ohio's experience will teach us that the federal government must reassume its responsibility for the systematic and adequate administration of the necessary direct relief.

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A New Face for Harlan County

"Bloody" Harlan County, Kentucky, must have difficulty recognizing itself these May mornings. The rich coal-producing area, famous for its disregard of law and order, has been chosen as the scene for an important legal test of the government's power to support the Wagner Labor Relations Act with corollary criminal prosecutions. Sixty-six defendants, including twenty-three coal-company executives, twenty-one coal companies and twenty-two law-enforcement officers, are accused of using murder, kidnaping and arson to discourage Harlan County miners from joining labor organizations of their own choosing. And from the early reports of the trial in London, Kentucky, it seems probable that justice is finally creeping into the very den of anti-union terrorism. The utmost precaution is being taken to select an unbiased jury and to protect both jurors and witnesses from any possible attempts to do them harm. A small army of deputy marshals and Federal Bureau of Investigation men has been assigned the job of keeping order. Everyone who enters the courtroom must be searched for weapons and only people with legitimate business are allowed inside at all. The prospective jurors have been warned against discussing the case and once the final panel has been selected their mail and newspapers will be carefully censored by the court.

Hague Will Learn 'Em

Sylvester Adair, of Union City, New Jersey, now knows what it is like to incur the wrath of Mayor Frank Hague, overlord of the next-door community, Jersey City. Mr. Adair is separated from his wife, and under a court order has been paying her $30 a month. Recently he has been speaking in public in opposition to Hague. When an anonymous telephone caller asked him if he would continue to do so he said that he would. Within five minutes he had been arrested on a charge of being in arrears $10 on the payments to his wife. Recorder A. M. Leporte promptly gave him a year in the penitentiary. Frank Hague will teach them who is the law in Jersey City and surrounding territory, if he has to send every independent citizen in the whole countryside to jail.

Revolt in Brazil

President Vargas of Brazil has put down a revolt by a section of the Integralistas and this fact is being used by his supporters as evidence that his regime is not a fascist one. But this is a mere quibble: it depends on definitions of the word fascism. If it means dictatorship in the interests of the property-owning classes, then Vargas is a dictator of the approved type, who suppresses independent trade unions, liberals and civil liberties. If it means subordination to Mussolini or Hitler, then we must wait for more evidence. The Integralistas are modeled after the fascist pattern of both Germany and Italy and have been under the influence of both. They are now split into factions. The Brazilian dictator first charged that Hitler was behind the attempted coup; Der Führer denied this, and a coolness developed between the two countries. Later Mussolini was accused; the vanished leader of the Integralistas was of Italian origin. There are millions of both Germans and Italians in Brazil; both nations would doubtless like to get control of the government. We should not be surprised to discover that the whole mess of intrigue and violence is complicated by a quarrel among fascisms of various foreign lands (not excluding the American) to exploit a rich country by denying democracy to the native population.

Hungary's New Premier

The unhappy results of fighting fire with fire are now on display in Hungary, where Bela Imredy is the new quasi-dictatorial premier. Imredy announces that he is opposed to fascism, though he will take good care to remain on cordial terms with Germany and Italy. In order to keep down manifestations of foreign Nazism he will, however, go a long way toward a native fascism. What little liberty of thought still existed in Hungary will be further curtailed. Drastic restrictions against the Jews will work great hardships upon them. Assuming that Hungary can keep from falling into Hitler's maw, she will be better off than if she shared the German ordeal; but by any other standard than this comparative one hers will be an unhappy lot.

Social History in Photographs

Two successive issues of Look, that lively picture magazine published in Des Moines by the Cowles family, contain material of unusual interest. In the issue dated May 10, the editors of Look had the happy thought of printing all the Pulitzer prize-winning cartoons since 1921. These cartoons, looked at together, seem to reveal certain principles of the committee making the awards. Three out of fourteen were appeals on behalf of the League of Nations. Two were attacks on Soviet Russia, and one sang the praises of American equality of opportunity. One suggested that both sides use violence in labor disputes, and another that Republicans and Democrats have both been guilty of misconduct in office. One prize cartoon accepted the familiar and fallacious theory that vast and needless quantities of laws are being passed in this country. Of the others, one was in favor of Colonel Lindbergh's good-will flight to Mexico and others were opposed to reparations, bank failures, Japan's seizure of Manchuria, and the San Jose lynching. The committee on awards, in other words, has clearly devoted itself to playing safe. We are a little surprised that no prize has been given for a cartoon attacking the man-eating shark.

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In its May 24 issue, Look devoted many pages to showing what life would be like if fascism came to America. Vivid photographs from Germany and Italy are accompanied by captions translated into American terms. They show regimentation of thought, mistreatment of opponents, children drilled from the age of five, wages reduced, farmers oppressed, women excluded from higher education, churches attacked.

Mr. Ickes and the Helium

Secretary Ickes doesn't like the present German government, a sentiment we share. More or less by accident, he is in a position to veto the export of helium to that country for use in transatlantic dirigible service. Mr. Ickes makes the point that helium might be used for military purposes and he cannot approve its export without guarantees that this will not happen. Most Americans doubtless agree, and there has been little protest over his action. Nevertheless, the position is not a happy one. If the Germans return to hydrogen, and there should be another "Hindenburg" disaster, Mr. Ickes will deeply regret it, and so will many other people. The responsibility is greater than any one man ought to carry. We suggest that Congress should now restate its attitude on the sale of helium abroad in terms that will be unmistakable to Mr. Ickes and everyone else. We hope if this is done it will say decisively that the United States should not export helium to a country like Germany which is so obviously preparing for war.

Storm over Madison

A student quarrel at the University of Wisconsin has managed to get into the headlines all over the country. The undergraduate daily is managed by an elected student board of governors, and by long tradition the outgoing board at the end of each year selects the next editor-in-chief and its choice is confirmed by the new board. This year the incoming board upset tradition and removed from office the newly elected editor. Most of the editorial staff thereupon went on strike, and for some time the campus has been enjoying two daily newspapers. The newly elected editor is a Jew, as was his predecessor, and because of this the charge has been made that anti-Semitism caused him to be removed. We are reliably informed that in fact the situation is both worse and more complicated than that. The real campus quarrel was between the fraternity and non-fraternity students, conservatives and liberals, natives of Wisconsin and "Easterners," with anti-Semitism existing but playing a minor role.

News Notes of a Week

Mussolini made a truculent speech vaguely threatening a war between the fascist powers and the democracies. It was generally assumed to be a reply to a speech, also truculent in tone, by United States Secretary of War Woodring. . . . The League of Nations did the sorriest week's work of its career when it brushed aside the plea of Emperor Hailie Selassie and prepared the stage for recognition of Italy's Ethiopian conquest. It turned a deaf ear to the Spanish Loyalists, although it pledged the support of its members to China. Switzerland was exempted from any obligation to impose sanctions, under a threat that she would withdraw from the League. . . . The Pope completed the formalities of recognizing Franco's regime as the government of Spain. . . . Soviet Russia assumed a more hostile attitude than in the recent past toward important Russian officials of the Greek Catholic Church.

In the United States, Congress struggled with various stages of the tax, pump-priming, super-navy and wages-and-hours bills. There was much speculation whether Mr. Roosevelt would attempt to revive the reorganization bill in this session. . . . A government-owned radio station was under consideration, primarily for the purpose of broadcasting propaganda in South America. . . . There were recurrent rumors of a possible truce between the administration and the utilities, which might be based on a strict geographical delimitation of the work of the Tennessee Valley Authority. . . . The United States Army held war games, in the air force in the Northeast, and immediately made the familiar announcement that the games had proved we need vastly enlarged expenditures for defense. . . . The newspaper campaign against Mr. Justice Black rapidly assumed the dimensions of an open scandal.

The Spanish Embargo Remains

THE FAILURE of the Senate to lift the Spanish embargo, in spite of the desire of Senator Nye, chief author of the neutrality legislation, and a strong coalition of progressive forces throughout the country, may be attributed to Secretary Hull, his subordinates in the State Department, and President Roosevelt, who approved his memorandum to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. What is the reason for their position?

The reasons made public are not, in our opinion, deserving of respect. Mr. Hull stated that the proposed amendment would constitute a fundamental alteration of the neutrality policy, and should not be undertaken without a thoroughgoing reconsideration of that policy, which would take more time than Congress is prepared to devote to the task at this session. He also warned Congress that to permit the sale of arms to the Loyalist government would involve us in a European situation which still contains the seeds of a possible general war. Both arguments are, in our opinion, disingenuous.

In the first place, the Spanish embargo, as The New Republic has previously made clear, is not a funda-

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mental part of the neutrality policy. The Neutrality Act contained no reference to civil wars before the embargo was imposed. The Spanish embargo was made mandatory by a special resolution of Congress, passed in response to an urgent request by the President. Only after it was in effect was the amended Neutrality Act of 1937 so phrased as to apply the embargo provision to civil wars, at the discretion of the President, when he believed the peace of this country was endangered. The purpose of the neutrality policy, of course, is not to be completely and objectively impartial as between belligerents, but merely to avoid some of the dangers of becoming embroiled in international war.

The truth is that neither the President nor the Secretary of State has ever favored the policy of the Neutrality Act. Both attempted to modify the bill when it was passed, in order to permit action against aggressors alone, and both have persistently refused to invoke it in the Asiatic war. To pretend that they now favor the Spanish embargo because it is an integral part of that policy is little short of hypocritical. It looks like a political maneuver to force those supporters of the Act who want to send arms to Spain to see the error of their ways and to be prepared to abolish the policy altogether. That this maneuver favors the fascist aggressors in the present instance does not seem to bother the man who spoke so eloquently in Chicago of quarantining the war-makers and treaty-breakers.

Nor would a reversal of the present policy in regard to Spain involve any appreciable danger of hostilities for the United States. Certainly we need not be afraid of Franco, and neither Italy nor Germany would deliberately provoke us to fight. They cannot possibly threaten us with any action that would be in the least damaging, and their main preoccupation, so far as we are concerned, is to keep us out of any future European war. What is still more to the point, the action proposed by Senator Nye was to permit the Spanish government to buy arms on the cash-and-carry principle, so that even if shipments were intercepted, they would not be American-owned or carried in ships of American registry.

The stubbornness of the administration on this point is to be explained, we fear, mainly by inhibitions that it does not publish. There are in the Department of State Catholics and pro-fascists who want Franco to win. The President does not want to offend the Catholic vote, and of course the Church is active in its support of the Spanish fascists. Those who are not influenced by these considerations are probably moved by the fact that a reversal of our policy toward Spain would be a slap in the face of the Tory government in Great Britain, and might cause domestic opposition to upset its pro-fascist tendency, at least as far as Franco is concerned. "Parallel action" with Great Britain is a cardinal point of State Department diplomacy. This tendency has in the past been encouraged by many progressives as an evidence of coöperation with the "great democracies." It is ironic that in this crucial instance the parallel action turns out to be support for the leading anti-democratic forces of the world. It is scandalous that such a decision should be concealed under pious phrases about maintaining the policy of the Neutrality Act, written by a man who would not give a celluloid button for that policy.

The Wages-and-Hours Bill

SINCE the beginning of the campaign for a national wages-and-hours bill, advocates of the measure have faced a dilemma. We have had many state laws of the kind, and might easily have more. But state standards are restricted by competition in other states. Only in industries which are almost purely local and non-competitive on a national basis is it safe to do much raising of wages or reducing of hours by state law. A glaring example of these limitations is of course the cotton-textile industry, where lower wages and longer hours in the South provided at least some of the impetus for the migration of mills from New England. The desirability of eliminating this kind of cutthroat competition is the basic reason for having a national law at all. If it were not a factor, we should never have had the long constitutional struggle about the matter and could have left it all to the separate states.

But the moment it is proposed to apply uniform national minima for wages or maxima for hours, the bill arouses political opposition from those regions where the lower standards prevail. Southern Congressmen argue that the South will lose the bait which it has been holding out to industry, or that the sudden raising of wage standards will impose such a heavy burden on employers in their sections as to hamper production and increase unemployment. The arguments may be mistaken or even insincere. It may be that the "conservative Southerners" are merely mouthpieces for the Northern financial interests who own so much of the industry in the South. Nevertheless the political effect is the same, and passage of any effective bill becomes doubly difficult. And there is also a real danger in national minima for so large a country with so many local variations of conditions. It might really be true that too large an increase in the burden of labor cost would cause shut-downs and would hamper employment in certain industries and localities.

The way out is certainly not to write into the law a differential between the North and the South. In the natural course of events, as the South becomes more industrialized, such a differential would be likely to disappear, and we do not want to freeze it into the legal structure and create a precedent for it in the very act, the ultimate purpose of which is to prevent competition at the expense of sweated labor. The bill now

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before Congress is one which preserves uniform standards but attempts to apply them painlessly through making them low at the beginning and raising them gradually to the desired minimum of 40 cents an hour and maximum of a 40-hour week. Certainly a low uniform minimum wage is to be preferred to a higher minimum that allowed sectional differentials.

This, of course, is not the only possible form for a national law, and very likely not the best one. So simple a measure would at the same time be inflexible. If the same standards are to be applicable to every industry and locality, they must necessarily be exceedingly low. Sixteen dollars a week, the eventual minimum for a full week's work under the present bill, seems scanty enough, and yet doubtless it would cause difficulty in certain instances. Previous bills which have delegated the work of fixing standards to a board proceeding after investigation seem more reasonable. It might be still better to call into existence separate boards for separate industries, as is the case with the Trade Boards in Great Britain. Congress may possibly improve the measure before adopting it. But, whatever is done, let us not abandon the principle of a national minimum altogether by freezing into the law present inequitable differences between regions. It might be better not to have any law at all than to do that.

Trouble in Mexico

NEWS REPORTS from Mexico grow more serious. Financial and economic conditions are bad, and the refusal of foreigners to buy Mexican oil since the expropriation of the British and American companies is making matters worse. The United States has cut the price of silver and is buying only on a week-to-week basis. The cost of living is rising and some newspaper correspondents believe an epidemic of strikes will soon be seen. The reports of a possible attempt at counter-revolution have become more frequent, with General Saturnino Cedillo of San Luis Potosi most frequently named as the potential leader.

Most serious in its immediate effect is the suspending of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Mexico. Although President Cárdenas brought about the break, Great Britain, by her repeated and truculent demands that the expropriation of the oil companies be rescinded, had forced his hand. By comparison with Great Britain's attitude, the United States has acted with utmost moderation. President Roosevelt, of course, has to think of the good-neighbor policy. He is also more concerned than is Prime Minister Chamberlain with the public opinion of Latin America as a whole.

There are two possible explanations of Chamberlain's policy. The first is that he is badly informed regarding Cárdenas' domestic difficulties and does not realize the harmful effects the British attitude may have. This explanation, we think, can be rejected out of hand. The British government's information service would not have failed at such a critical point. We are left with only the alternative theory: Chamberlain in Mexico is making the same kind of choice he has already made in Spain. He regards the Cárdenas government as a communist one, despite the flimsiness of this accusation and despite, in particular, the hostility between Mexico and the USSR. He would welcome a fascist-Catholic rebellion in Mexico for the same reasons that made him welcome it in Spain. When he sees an opportunity—such as the expropriation of the oil lands—he will protest as vigorously as he knows how, and without any regard for the difficulties under which the present Mexican government finds itself. If the British attitude helps to overthrow the Mexican government, so much the better. This in spite of the fact that the Mexican law reserving subsoil mineral rights to the state, written into its Constitution two decades ago, is similar to that of most other countries throughout the world and is recognized by Great Britain in reference to those other countries.

Is Mexico to become another Spain? Will the fascists seek to destroy the present government, with their customary group of allies among whom must now be counted not only the Catholic Church but the Tory government of Great Britain? If this happens, the United States will be involved immediately and seriously. This would be the Old World meddling in the New, with a vengeance. Could we look on with indifference while a state was established south of the Rio Grande dedicated to the destruction of every democratic principle supported by the United States? In regard to Spain, President Roosevelt has shown a disturbing tendency to follow the British-Catholic line. We refuse to believe that he will do the same in Mexico.

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Hitler's Balance Sheet

"IT STANDS ME IN GOOD STEAD," wrote Adolf Hitler, a prisoner in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech in the year of grace 1924, "that Fate decided that Braunau on the Inn should be my birthplace. That little town lies on the frontier between the two German states, the reunion of which we younger ones regard as a work worthy of accomplishment by all the means in our power. German Austria will have to return to the great German Motherland. . . ."

With these prophetic words Hitler begins his momentous work "Mein Kampf"—the prospectus of the coming Nazi enterprise of which he was the promoter and has lived to be the managing director.

This moment, when a plebiscite of the Austrian people has just "confirmed," by something like 99 percent, the return of Austria "to the great German Motherland," may be a useful occasion for casting up a balance sheet of the Nazi enterprises thus far, of judging which of the claims made in the prospectus have been achieved, what the chances are of the remainder being also achieved in the future. This feat of politico-military accountancy, to have any value, must be objective and impartial. One may well say with Dorothy Thompson that "it is not the function of liberals and democrats to live in a world of illusions." Adolf Hitler and "Mein Kampf" are part of the world we live in. Deploring that fact will not remove it; ignoring it may be dangerous.

Adolf Hitler has come far since the day in 1924 when he dictated the opening words of "Mein Kampf" to his faithful secretary Hess. Then the Weimar Republic ruled a weak and hopeless Germany—but Europe was ruled from Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. On April 10, 1924, had anyone suggested that the obscure prisoner in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech would, that day fourteen years, be the most prominent political figure in Europe and hold in his hand the issues of war and peace, one fears that the prophet would have been consigned to a sanitarium.

It is instructive to remember, as one contemplates the well managed and brutally organized plebiscite which has "ratified" the union of Germany and Austria, yet another April 10—that of 1932—when Hitler, running against Paul von Hindenburg for the German presidency, polled but 36.2 percent of the total vote and was thus ignominiously defeated. That was but six years ago. It had taken him eight years to rise from the cell in Landsberg to become Hindenburg's rival; it took him six years more to rise again to the overlordship of all Germany and Austria. What do the next six years hold for Adolf Hitler? One might as well ask, what do the next six years hold for Europe?

Let us look into the pages of "Mein Kampf"; let us see what he has written there, how much he has done already, how much remains to be done.

First of all, he has accomplished German unity, save for a few scattered minorities—of which more later. He has built his "Folk-State," based on the nationality of blood and race. He has destroyed the democratic institutions of Weimar: "Decisions are made by one man." It is true that there are flies in this ointment. He has not yet brought the churches, either Confessional or Catholic, wholly to heel; and 6,000,000 Austrian Catholics may not prove too easy of Nazi digestion. There is also the army to consider: one should not suppose that the latest "purge" has reduced the Offizierkorps to the status of a Nazi doormat. The solid strategic advantages accruing to Germany from the occupation of Austria—as pointed out by the Militar-Wochenblatt—will certainly have weight with the military, but will hardly make them less conscious of the still existing and very serious defects of the German military machine, notably the shortages of officers, trained reserves, air pilots and heavy and medium artillery. These two reservations made, one cannot escape the conclusion that for the present, with the tremendous prestige of the acquisition of Austria behind him, Hitler can wield the power of a united German people as an instrument of destiny, for good or ill.

In which direction will he turn that power? "Nothing," writes Hitler, "but sufficient space on the earth ensures freedom of existence to a nation. In this way only can the German nation defend itself as a World Power. . . . Acquisition of colonies will not solve that question; nothing, in fact, but the gain of territory for settlement which shall extend the area of the mother country itself. . . . We National Socialists turn our eyes eastwards. . . . When we talk of new lands in Europe, we are bound to think first of Russia and her border states."

There are three routes from Germany toward Russia: (1) via East Prussia toward Lithuania and the Gulf of Finland; (2) direct through Poland; (3) via the Danube Valley, through Hungary and Rumania. In weighing these various courses, one fact must be kept closely in mind—a fact which perhaps Hitler did not duly weigh in 1924, when his mind was entirely occupied with political considerations. That fact is Germany's shortage of essential raw materials and even of foodstuffs.

Expansion down the Danube Valley will bring Germany into touch with the vast granary of Hungary and Rumania; here also are livestock, lumber and, in Rumania, that lifeblood of a modern war-machine,

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petroleum. Access to the Black Sea means access to Turkish cotton. And beyond Rumania lies the "promised land" of the Ukraine. Hence Hitler, the opportunist, may attempt the development of the Danubian river line of communications, so much cheaper and of so much greater capacity than any railway, to supply him with all these things. German commercial development in this direction might well result in the reversal of the old adage: the flag might follow trade.

But—as I have recently had occasion to point out in these pages—there is a strategic difficulty in the way of realizing these ambitious plans. The great natural fortress of the Bohemian Plateau flanks and commands both the Danubian and Moravian gates into the Central European plain. While Czechoslovakia remains strong and potentially hostile, a German advance by either route can have no permanent character. The military reduction of Czechoslovakia is attended with serious risks of outside intervention, which, if miscalculated, may bring the whole Nazi enterprise to ruin. Hence it is more likely that the encirclement of Czechoslovakia will be used to bring economic pressure to bear on the Prague government, coupled with ceaseless agitation from within. This is a slow and unspectacular process, suited to the political and strategic necessities of the moment but not to the Hitlerian temperament nor to his need of periodical miracles—for which the appetite of the German people grows with feeding. The Polish approach is impossible without the active acquiescence of Poland, or the conquest of that country. The latter can hardly be undertaken within the next two or three years by reason of the Nazi military defects above mentioned; Poland can put thirty divisions in the field. Moreover, it would be suicidal to attempt a Polish *Putsch* without first disposing of the Czech problem. All present orientation of German diplomacy seems to be toward German-Polish friendship; but as to Poland as an active partner, it is difficult to foresee even Colonel Beck attempting to assume such a role in so enormously risky an enterprise as an attack on Russia. The basic principle of Polish policy, in which pro-German and pro-French factions alike agree, is "Poland shall not again be a battlefield."

There remains, then, the first move above noted: that via East Prussia and Lithuania. There are several straws which seem to indicate a strong wind blowing in this direction. (1) A new army corps has been created in East Prussia in addition to the one already stationed there. Since the population of East Prussia cannot furnish two corps, it is probable that the new one is an "armored" corps, recruited from the Reich at large. This is the very weapon for a quick thrust. (2) The new Commander-in-Chief of the army, Colonel-General von Brauschitsch, came to that post from the command of the First (East Prussian) Corps and is known to be an expert on the strategy of that region. (3) The German navy is building two 19,250-ton aircraft carriers. These are expensive ships, and Germany has no money to waste on luxuries. The aircraft carrier is chiefly a weapon for an oceanic war, out of reach of land-based aircraft. That Germany expects to have to fight such a war in the near future is hardly likely; the obvious enemy, Britain, is far too powerful. But there is no question that aircraft carriers would be extremely useful for affording air support to an army operating along the Baltic coast. (4) A ready-made excuse in the existence of the German minority in Memel lies to hand for an attack on Lithuania, which would be the necessary first step in a Baltic drive.

In regard to this and other minorities, it must be remembered that Hitler's attitude is entirely opportunist. "The interests of lost territories must be ruthlessly ignored as against that of regaining the mother country's freedom. . . . It is not by flaming protests that oppressed lands are brought back into the embrace of a common Reich, but by a sword ever ready to strike. . . . The lost lands will be won back . . . only by force of arms."

Elsewhere Hitler bitterly denounces those who would make an issue of the German-Austrian minority in the South Tyrol. The implication is plain; "the cynical truth being," as Stephen M. Roberts remarks in "The House That Hitler Built," "that each group of 'lost Germans' is used as a pawn on the wider chessboard of diplomatic *Realpolitik*." It is convenient just now to remember the Sudeten-Deutsch, the Memellanders, perhaps the Germans of Danzig; for the moment the South Tyrolese, the Germans of the Corridor and Poznan, and those in Hungary and Jugoslavia are ignored. Their turn may come, later.

But while Russia may be regarded as the eventual field of German expansion, and Hungary, Rumania and Poland fated, in Hitler's mind, to become the economic if not the political satellites of the growing Reich, it is France who is the real enemy: "We must be absolutely clear on the fact that France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of the German nation."

Against France, Germany must form alliances. With whom? "Cool and cautious consideration shows that it is. . . . England and Italy whose own most natural interests are least in opposition to the conditions essential to the existence of the German nation, and are, in fact, to a certain extent identical with them. . . . The military results of an alliance with England and Italy would . . . automatically . . . isolate France, the deadly enemy of our nation."

Here again Hitler has achieved part of his aim. He has his Italian alliance, for what it may be worth. But England? Certainly there exists there, in positions very close to the government, an earnest group which

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believes in closer relations with Germany. The Labor and Liberal Opposition seems to be without effective, certainly without dynamic, leadership, save possibly for the aging Lloyd George. In the Conservative Party itself, Churchill's persuasive reasoning commands little following; Anthony Eden is too scrupulous to contend with a Chamberlain or a Hoare successfully in the field of "practical politics." The wretched political weakness of France—never more graphically illustrated than in the formation of the present makeshift Cabinet in the face of such mounting dangers to the state—inspires little confidence in British hearts of whatever persuasion toward Hitler. Anglo-Italian rapprochement is on the point of achievement. British influence has doomed any hope of succor to Loyalist Spain. It may turn out that Hitler's dream of an Anglo-German alliance was not so chimerical after all.

The principal barrier to its accomplishment is Hitler himself. Just as suspicion of Bismarck's ulterior motives kept Beaconsfield and Salisbury aloof from a German alliance, so now does suspicion of Hitler sound a warning to the British statesmen of 1938. The rape of Austria accomplished one of Hitler's great objectives; it may well have barred his way forever to another. The "Me und Gott" theory of world politics, so dramatically revived by Hitler in his recent Vienna speech, is repugnant to every British instinct of caution and realism; no single factor was more important in cementing British popular opposition to Wilhelm II.

Amid all these perplexities, two interlocking and tragic certainties stand out. Hitler can now be stopped only by force, at the risk of war. And only by war can he accomplish his ultimate aims.

Czechoslovakia bars his way to the Danubian plains; the Czechs will fight before they will allow themselves to be overrun or "absorbed." France and Russia—even Jugoslavia—may fight by their side.

If Hitler moves east, the Poles, for all their dalliance with Berlin, will defend themselves in arms.

If he moves north, sooner or later the Red Army will march.

Meanwhile in Spain, the world awaits the liquidation of the results of Fascist victory.

The pity of it is, that the democracies of Europe still have the power to cry "Halt!" and to enforce their will. Their superiority to Germany in military strength and resources is overwhelming; the ability or even willingness of Italy to run the tremendous risks entailed in actually aiding a threatened Reich is highly uncertain. Already there is a rumor of Italy's coming return to Geneva. If the Chamberlain diplomacy is really oriented toward this accomplishment, toward the isolation of Germany by the destruction of the axis, all may yet be well. But it is a slender reed upon which to lean the hope of the world's peace; and there seems no other prop for that tottering structure.

Meanwhile Hitler the mystic, Hitler the man of destiny, Hitler the elect of Heaven moves on. He believes in his star, in the divinity of the powers which have led him onward to the heights he has achieved. He will march on, and Germany will march on behind him—with all the Teutonic passion for blind obedience—until, whether on some Russian plain or against the concrete masses of the Maginot Line, the new conqueror meets at last the inevitable fate of all conquerors who have stalked before him through the bloody pages of Europe's history, and they who have taken the sword perish by the sword.

For Americans there is but one lesson to be drawn from these melancholy prospects. We must remain aloof, we must guard our own interests, we must preserve that which is ours behind our ocean barriers. The salvation of the European democracies is in their own hands. They can still save themselves. If they will not, they have no right to expect us to save them. The fate of Europe must be determined by the people who live there. It must not be American blood which waters European fields when, as Hitler prophesies, "the plough will be the sword, and the coming world's daily bread will be watered by the tears of war."

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Elegy for Our Dead

There is a place where, wisdom won, right recorded,
men move beautifully, striding across fields
whose wheat, wind-marceled, wanders unguarded
in unprotected places; where earth, revived, folds
all growing things closely to itself: the groves
of bursting olives, the vineyards ripe and heavy with
glowing grapes, the oranges like million suns; and graves
where lie, nurturing all these fields, my friends in death.

With them, deep in coolness, are memories of France and
the exact fields of Belgium: midnight marches in snows—
the single-file caravan high in the Pyrenees: the land
of Spain unfolded before them, dazzling the young Balboas.
This earth is enriched with Atlantic salt, spraying
the live, squinting eyelids, even now, of companions—
with towns of America, towers and mills, sun playing
always, in stone streets, wide fields—all men's dominions.

Honor for them in this lies: that theirs is no special
strange plot of alien earth. Men of all lands here
lie side by side, at peace now after the crucial
torture of combat, bullet and bayonet gone, fear
conquered forever. Yes, knowing it well, they were willing
despite it to clothe their vision with flesh. And their rewards,
not sought for self, live in new faces, smiling,
remembering what they did here. Deeds were their final
words.

Madrid

EDWIN ROLFE

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I Was in Journal Square

DON'T TALK TO ME about the possibility of fascism in these United States. I saw fascism, Nazism, anything you want to call it, in all its bestiality. I heard the cry I've expected but dreaded hearing in this country: "Kill the Jew bastard!"

It was in Jersey City, of course, the night Representatives Jerry O'Connell and John Bernard were scheduled to speak in Journal Square. As a reporter covering the anticipated massacre, I'd been in the Square all day. I heard tell how an Associated Press photographer had been floored and brutally kicked by Frank Hague's toughs. They smashed his camera when he tried to snap a young Socialist whose nose had been bloodied for handing out circulars. But the cameraman was smart. He had curled up into a ball, covered his face with his arms and avoided serious injury.

During the afternoon, we newspapermen moved around the Square, watching and waiting. Everybody had the same question: "Will they let them speak? Can they get here? What'll happen? Will there be murder?"

But nothing happened. The newsreel men, though, had a hard time getting permission to set up their cameras on the neighboring roofs.

"We've been in business for years. We can't take chances. You never know what'll hit you here," the Chinese restaurant owner told them. A ten-dollar bill won them a spot.

At 6:45 the police marched in. They carried long, heavy nightsticks, all of them, from the chief down. The legionnaires came, in cream, in green, in blue. Their bands started up. The crowd began to gather—silent, tense people, promenading slowly around the Square, cutting across the street, walking endlessly at a slow, steady gait.

Eight o'clock. The two Congressmen who had promised to defy Hague's ban on a street meeting had yet to appear. The Square filled. The parading started. Legionnaires and Central Labor Union men, Legion wives and kids, marching back and forth, carrying anti-Red placards. "Keep Out" the signs shouted at Norman Thomas, Roger Baldwin and the "invading" Congressmen.

Now and then a shout would go up, "They're here," and the mob would surge in its direction. Immediately the paraders, band leading, would march right through the thickest section of the crowd, breaking it up, ready to drown out any vestige of oratory. It was smart work on Hague's part. "Outraged Citizenry Won't Listen," he hoped the headlines would say.

"Hinkey-Dinkey, Parlez-Vous," "Over There" and even "Tiger Rag" made up the band's repertory. Some of the girls started dancing in the street. A couple of unionists began to hand out circulars; police snatched them from their hands.

Rumors spread through the crowd. "They're coming. They're not. They can't get through." Nor could the Congressmen have gotten into the Square. Every entering avenue was roped off and blockaded by police. The tube station was under guard.

We reporters phoned our city desks. "Where are they?" and the answer, "Oh, they're on Thirteenth Street, debating what to do." At 10:45 the word came, "They've called off the trip."

We told the news to Chief of Police Harry Walsh. "It's just as well they didn't come," he commented. "It would have been murder if they had."

A casual check at police headquarters. No arrests, no violence, they said. A drink or two to perk us up after eight hours of pavement pounding. Thirty thousand Jerseyites went home. Hague had won; the party was over, we thought.

And then, as six of us reporters stood on the platform of the tube station, we heard the first scream.

From the top of the stairs, the screaming came. We ran up the stairs. A slugger gang was at work. Eight or ten of them, hard, strong, some wearing sweaters: the Jersey City Athletic League. They were thumping a little fellow, obviously a Jew. The Jew was sobbing, "Please, please, I'm a sick man." But they kept on swinging, gouging. He broke away, rushed down a staircase to the platform. They followed at a run.

"Catch that God-damned Jew," one yelled at me as he ran by.

They caught him and knocked him down. They punched and they kicked him—in the eye, the mouth, the stomach, the groin. Blood streamed across the tube platform, dripped down the side.

"Leave me alone," the little Jew begged. "I didn't do nothing." Two station guards stood nearby, did nothing.

We reporters were sick, but what could we do? Cowards, of course, all of us.

The train pulled in, and the guards finally pushed into the swirling group. They picked the little Jew up and helped him on the train. But a big, fat fellow wasn't quite ready yet to end his fun. He jumped in, too, and swung one last blow. "That'll teach you Jew son of a bitch to stay where you belong."

Meanwhile, other cries came from the station. Other Semitic-looking men were being slugged. They came into the first car, one with blood dripping from a cut nose, another with his eye bulging out. Black and blue beneath the eye, red specks in the eye itself. He was weeping.

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The train door closed at last. Through the open window we saw one of the toughs remove a handkerchief from his hand. He took off the brass knuckles. His hand was covered with blood; not his blood.

A hoodlum came up to him, "You dirty louse. You were hogging it all. I couldn't get a decent sock at him."

Then a faraway shout. "Hey, there's a Jew up here. Let's get him."

The train pulled out.

Maybe you heard how another Jew, badly beaten, went to Jersey City's famous Medical Center, the hospital of which Mayor Hague is so proud. Perhaps you heard how he appealed for medical attention only to be told that he was merely suffering from shock. In New York the interne diagnosed it as a cerebral concussion and rushed him to Bellevue.

We reporters were quiet on the train, scared inside of us. Not by blood. We've seen too much of that. It was by the premonition of what this scene may mean.

DONALD B. ROBINSON

The Liberal Catholics Plan for Social Action

WHAT SORT of economic and social program for the United States is in the minds of the liberal members of the Catholic Church? The recent four-day convention of the social-action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has given us the answer so far as general conclusions can be drawn from the thinking of its principal speakers. About 5,000 people registered for the sessions: Catholic laymen from labor and industry, active clergymen, instructors in Catholic schools, hundreds of young people and some of the important members of the hierarchy. For the most part the delegates represented the most enlightened social opinion of the Church. There were conservatives in attendance, but they were a small numerical minority and they were not very vocal about their objections, whatever these may have been, to the progressive character of the meeting's proposals.

In brief, the "Christian social order" the conference envisaged resembles a sort of glorified NRA with religious overtones. All labor would be organized. All capital would be organized. Together they would form joint councils for each industry and a super-council for industry as a whole; they would bargain together over hours and wages and conditions of employment. They would agree upon output and decide prices. Government would be in the role of watchdog, safeguarding the interests of consumers and extending regulation as far as necessary to bring about an economic balance and employment for all at adequate wages. This program, the Conference felt, would be an application of the principles set forth in the encyclicals of the Pope, whose greetings were read to the meeting.

After the broad outlines of the program had been sketched in by such speakers as the Reverend John A. Ryan, the Reverend Raymond A. McGowan, Archbishop John T. McNicholas, Dr. Paul Kiniery and the Reverend Francis J. Haas, the discussion was carried into sectional meetings on various vocational groupings. They included, for example, the automotive industry, the railroads, mining, printing trades, steel, agriculture, building trades, meat packing and many others. In each meeting, after a representative of labor and a spokesman for management had presented their views on the problems involved, the Church's perspective on the issues was explained and a solution offered in terms of the "Christian social order."

Again and again the need for a revived and revised NRA was stressed, an NRA in which codes would be formulated, not by industry alone, but jointly by industry and labor with the government sitting in as a silent partner. The program called for guarantees of employment to workers displaced by industry, wages not less than family needs, with an annual minimum of $1,500, control of monopolies, old-age security, decent housing for all and increased taxes on inheritance and incomes.

The meeting was vague as to how these rosy goals might be brought about. Education and exhortation are to be relied upon as chief instruments. Local Catholic labor-industrial conferences are to be held; thousands of study clubs are to be formed to dig into the details of the "Christian social order" in application. But all of the goals are to be achieved somehow within the framework of capitalism, possibly with greater government intervention but supposedly without any absolutism.

An unusual aspect of the Conference was the paucity of attacks upon communism, even at a time when many members of the Church are engaged in such hysterical Red-baiting campaigns. Some alarm was expressed in one or two of the sectional conferences over the influence of Communists in certain unions, but the primary emphasis was placed on the formulation of a positive program to win over any potential "victims" of radicalism. Fascism received more attention, largely in the form of denials that the Catholic Church leaned toward tolerance of authoritarian government. The important difference between the system of self-government by labor and capital and the Fascist corporative state, according to the Conference, is that the former is based on a presupposition of democratic processes. The "Christian social order," as formulated at Milwaukee, explicitly repudiates dictatorial rule. Whether it could do so in practice remains the important question to be answered.

Milwaukee

RUBEN LEVIN

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A Standard American Language?

Is there a standard American language? In our time oral communication has recovered the formal importance it had in ages when few people knew how to read. The question has, therefore, serious implications. It is asked by the radio industry in the interest of the advertising programs of big business. It is asked by radio and the movies in their desire to make their products attractive and salable. It is asked by parents, and therefore by schools and colleges, who wish their young people to be equipped for a modern life in which distances are destroyed by cheap, fast travel and in which the telephone and the radio are challenging the old-fashioned telegraph and press. In politics no major political party will dare again to pick a presidential candidate who cannot speak English effectively. The nations of the world must have spokesmen who can address the American public in a language that is at least not unattractive.

The answer to the question: Is there a standard American language? is, as is often the case with large social questions, Yes and No. Fortunately for America, the diversity of the origin of the immigrants from the British Isles rubbed off by a kind of dialectical attrition the peculiarities of the well marked local dialects that many settlers brought with them. Later the democratic institutions and the little red school house kept extreme local dialects from forming. Oratory was the popular art and the great orators became national figures. The spelling bee was one of the popular amusements, at least outside of the South; spelling contests involved pronunciation. Our dictionaries from the beginning paid attention to pronunciation. Broad regional varieties of English became established, but they were, and are, hardly dialects in the European sense of the word. The most remarkable thing about the English language in America today is its uniformity. Whenever an American of ordinary education travels in his own land, he can make himself understood. The speech of certain Charlestonians and Virginians may test the rule. The influence of foreign dialects makes exceptions, such as Louisiana French, Pennsylvania German, Canadian French, the Scandinavian languages in the Middle West and Spanish in the Southwest.

The regional varieties of English are rough, broad divisions. Sometimes they are occupational and sometimes territorial. For example, the speech of cattlemen, wherever they are ranching, is of a type. Its eastern boundary in the South runs from Laredo to San Antonio, to Fort Worth, to Little Rock or close by. It extends west to the Pecos River and the Sacramento Mountains, jumping the Rio Grande Valley, where the influence is strong of New Mexican Spanish (fanning up into southern Colorado). It picks up again in Arizona. It extends north with the cattle industry, skipping the agricultural lands, into the Canadian provinces. The mining communities of the region share the cattlemen's speech. The farmers, however, brought out the variety that stems back through Illinois and Ohio to New York and Vermont.

This cattlemen's speech derives from the Southern hill type, which comes down the Blue Ridge to southwestern Virginia, western North Carolina, eastern Kentucky. Thence it was carried to southern Indiana and southern Illinois, but there it has been overcome by the Middle Western variety. It thrives in east Tennessee, west Tennessee and northern Alabama—in short, wherever the land is rocky, hilly and bad. Where the land is good, as in middle Tennessee, in central and western Kentucky, in the neighborhood of Memphis, in the lowlands of Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, you find the plantation or general Southern type.

The Southern hill type was influenced and carried along by the Scottish Highlanders who came into the Shenandoah Valley from Pennsylvania and traveled on south and west. Many Pennsylvania Germans followed the same route. Both Southern types are characterized today by the diphthongs that we think of as Southern and by a rule of syllables whereby standard *read-ing* becomes *rea-ding*. These, joined to an unevenness of rate, make what we call drawl, whether the speech be fast or slow. In the hill type a good stout *r* is pronounced after vowels and before consonants. Popularly we do not grant an *r* in this position to Southerners, but nevertheless it is characteristic of this flourishing speech.

The general Southern type extends from Houston, Texas, east (skipping the Louisiana French region) to Georgia, north to Arkansas, to the Kentucky bottoms, and includes midland South and North Carolina. It is related to the speech of the Piedmont region of Virginia. In the deep South where the land is low and the cotton grows high, the accent is thicker—"tall cotton speech."

The general Southern type is distinct from the Southern tidewater type that runs up the coast from Savannah, flourishes at Charleston, weakens in North Carolina, blooms again in the Petersburg and the Richmond (Williamsburg) districts. Families like the Byrds carried it to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley. It crosses the Chesapeake to the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, and in certain "old families" has a hold on Delaware. Maryland, though small, has, like Virginia, coastal, Piedmont and hill types. The most characteristic pronunciation is "Baltimerr." You will hear this too in Dover, Delaware ("Dœvr, Delawerr"). I suspect that Delaware had much in common

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with old-fashioned Philadelphia speech. As far down the shore as Chincoteague Island, Virginia, you hear the Philadelphian "dork" for *dark*. Newark, Delaware, is "Neworrk." From other points of view the rustic speech of Delaware, with "whir" for *where*, shares details of pronunciation with the Southern hill type, but it is quite different in cadence. Cadence is always a more distinguishing characteristic of American dialects than is pronunciation, but we have unfortunately no simple, convenient way of studying cadence.

Outside of Philadelphia are the Pennsylvania German regions and on to the west a characteristic variety of what we can call "general American" or "Middle Western." The western Pennsylvania speech seems to my ear freer than the comparatively sedate New York State variety and the somewhat smug Ohio variety. In West Virginia the Pennsylvania variety and the Southern hill type meet. The old Ohio towns on the river have an old-fashioned speech. Westward this general American type becomes more monotonous in cadence, stiffer-jawed, and in womenfolk higher-pitched and thinner-voiced. In the Rocky Mountain plateau we meet again the cattle speech from the south. On the Pacific Coast, to the north and south, Ohio and Iowa have a new birth. But in the cities like San Francisco so many people have mingled that the rough edges of dialects have been worn away. Perhaps San Francisco speech has a freedom that suggests its cosmopolitan outlook. Southern California likes to think of itself as having a Spanish flavor, but I hear it not.

New Jersey divides into northern (like New York State) and southern (to my ear something like western Pennsylvania and the Ohio River towns).

Old New York City speech is a variety of the coastal "colonial maritime" type that extended from Charleston or Savannah to Eastport, Maine, jumping Jersey (because of the lack of harbors or the Swedes?). All New England divides into coastal speech and hill, or Connecticut Valley, speech. North Adams, Massachusetts, is essentially New York, while Bennington, Vermont, is still New England hill type. This hill type and the Middle Western varieties may represent the earlier standard or London English, and the New England coast a later development in agreement with the new (subsequent to late seventeenth century) London English.[1] According to this theory, however, it is odd that the whole lowland and midland South (as distinguished from the hill South) kept in touch with the newer London, as regards loss of *r*, fronting of *k* and *sk* sounds, diphthongizing of *o* and *e*, fronting of vowels, and, perhaps, increase of rate. But it is odder still that New York State and the Middle West stem from the New England hill type to the exclusion of the present coastal type. We know that many coastal families went west.

[1] See J. S. Kenyon in Webster's "New International Dictionary," second edition, page xxv, paragraph 4.

Within these large divisions are scores of local types more or less well defined. And as soon as one examines any community, differences appear in the local type. For the Williamsburg Corporation I made a study of Williamsburg, Virginia, making 170 phonograph records. I had hoped to find a homogeneous community, but it was far, far from that. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Madison County I found a fine "typical" Blue Ridge community with an interesting speech. When I learned that the granddaddy of the region had been a Yankee deserter from Maine, my evidence was contaminated. I also found ballad singers who "had learned that old song from a phonograph record" or "from the radio." A systematic survey of American pronunciation is being made for the "Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada." The maps for New England are now ready to be published.

Though linguistic details delight the specialists, the question of general importance remains to be answered. What is standard American English? There are *five* regional standards of sufficient importance to be recognized: New England coast, New England hill, general Southern, Southern hill, Middle Western. We can make two generalized types: *Eastern*, from the New England coast and general Southern, and *Western*, from Middle Western and New England hill. This classification ignores Southern hill. Of the two general types (defined primarily on the basis of whether or not *r* is pronounced after vowels and before consonants) the Western type, or general American, is the stronger. Even in our dictionaries, which for long had, and in a few details still have, a New England parochial character, *r* is shown as pronounced. Franklin Roosevelt is cited as an excellent examplar of the Eastern type and the late Newton D. Baker of the Western type.

But these types are so general that they have no roots. As Linguistic Counsellor to the Columbia Broadcasting System, I have recommended that a speaker should command as his basic style a leveled version of the better speech of any one of the five regional types. As a matter of fact, radio commentators and sports reporters can be much more natural and honest in speech than routine announcers. Either because of the traditions of radio or because of the wishes of the advertising agencies, announcers are asked to cultivate a "colorless" speech. A few years ago it tended to be of an Eastern United States and pseudo-British type. Today it is rather Western in character and more real. Perhaps this will lead tomorrow to the same tolerance for staff announcers that we now have for the specialty men. In the long run, I believe, the public wants honest speech that is at the same time good to listen to.

It is too soon to say what the one standard of English in America will be. Ten years ago we expected that a decade of radio and the talkies would have us all speak-

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ing alike. That has not happened. For one reason, we hear over the air all the varieties of American English; for another, the machinery is a psychological barrier between the broadcaster and the listener that prevents imitation. I believe that travel is still the greatest leveling influence. But even with automobiles taking Virginia garage hands to the Chicago Exposition and with trailers and airplanes carrying the middle class about, I am not sure that in speech young Missourians today differ less from young men of western New England than Champ Clark, say, differed from Calvin Coolidge. Business men in Virginia today won't say "gyarden," but it may never have been so common as the novelists suggested.

Of one thing we can be sure: language goes its own sweet way. The so-called purist, in giving himself a good time, may teach his students to distrust their native idiom, but aside from the splitting of their personalities, his work is fruitless. The elocutionists and the eclectic American stage have had no effect upon American speech. The wise teacher labors with a minimum of correction to help his students express themselves effectively in their native tongue. As they learn to hear themselves, they will lose enough of the manners that seem rough to strangers. As for radio: as my colleague, Mr. Robert Sonkin, puts it, the most important thing in this day of ever present scripts is to learn to read aloud well.

W. CABELL GREET

Robots in the Office

TILLIE THE TOILER, that independent pardon-my-gum stenog, is beginning to wonder. The changes in the old office during the past ten years have bewildered her and they are beginning to get on her nerves.

It began when the company took over another factory, piling so much work on the office that an addition had to be built. Then the office was divided up into filing, transcription and accounting departments, where the company installed telephone filing systems, dictaphones, calculators, billing machines and many other devices. Tillie was put on an assembly line where she does one small job in the business of producing a letter. And worse, Tillie's salary was stopped and she began to be paid by piece-rate.

As the company buys new machinery and learns to use the machinery already installed in her office more efficiently, the value of a union is growing on Tillie. Her friends are being laid off. Her work is being speeded up. Tillie is now, after ten years of preparation, beginning to join a union.

Grim as it is, the story of Tillie is the story of the stenographers, the typists, the bookkeepers, the accountants and others catalogued as office workers, who have been employed in the larger offices where business machines made steady inroads all through the depression. The position of these office employees has been changing from that of clerk to machine-hand.

Today's mechanized offices constitute, in fact, a mass-production industry. Insurance premiums, light bills, checks, letters, reports pour out in thousands of units daily. The working conditions of office employees approximate those of industrial workers. Today their jobs are less secure than the jobs of auto workers in a Ford factory. Already thinned by the introduction of machinery, the ranks of office workers will be cut further as management increases the rate of productivity.

As in the factory, division of labor and the installation of machines have brought assembly-line methods of production into the business office. On the office assembly line Tillie must attain a prescribed rate of output under threat of fines or dismissal. She must perform her function in that manner and within that period of time which will make the office product on which she is working—card, letter, account—ready for the machine and machine-hand next in line.

A ruthless consumer of physical and nervous energy, the office assembly line demands prompt reactions and unfailing attentiveness. Even the worker with pen or pencil, using her own judgment—the mental-manual worker—must attain a prescribed rate of output to keep the machine units running at record speed.

Here are some illustrations of assembly lines in operation:

In the mailing department of a publishing company six girls around an addressograph must each produce 500 name stickers an hour so that the mailing-machine operator can keep pasting name stickers on magazines at the rate of 3,000 an hour.

The employee in the telephone filing department of an insurance company is called upon to consult his files eighty times an hour to keep the premium department going at top speed. A telephone connecting his station, "Sab to Sal," for instance, in the filing department with the premium department makes the productivity rate required of him humanly possible.

In a mail-order house, workers in the Entry Department feed 24,700 orders an hour into the Pricing Department, where another group of workers check orders with catalogues at a rate that will satisfy the speed of the comptometers in the Checking Department which handle 125 invoices per hour.

Institution of a piece-rate method of payment was management's logical solution to the problem of amor-

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tizing and paying rent on its costly equipment. Under the piece-rate system management pays its employees by units of output, not by time spent in performance of their work.

In many offices if Tillie betters the prescribed rate of output for her machine she is rewarded with a bonus. In some offices the bonus is cash. In others it is a pair of silk stockings or a box of candy. In a few offices where cash is awarded the management goes 50-50 with the employee. An hourly rate is also used, but only upon attainment of a certain output within the hour, the so-called measured-day work.

The piece-work-and-bonus system is a handy implement in the hands of office management for speeding up production. When bonuses become too easy to earn the required rate of output can be set at a higher level, giving operators a new record to shoot at. Instead of paying a rate of one dollar, for instance, on 3,000 pieces, one dollar can be established as the rate for 4,000 pieces. By this means office management not only reduces labor costs per unit of output. It is also enabled to reduce its labor force.

The productivity of office machinery now in use has by no means reached its limits. According to an authoritative study of the subject, American office management will dispense with one million of the approximately four million office workers employed at present when the machinery now operating achieves productivity rates promised by the makers of machines. Experts claim that manufacturers underestimate the potential productivity rates of their machines.

Today Tillie's production records are falling far short of those set by the business-machine companies. Dictaphone operators, for instance, average only 135.3 lines per hour, while the dictaphone manufacturers maintain that the machine is capable of producing 390 lines of transcription per man-hour. Similarly the potential output of the bookkeeping machine is claimed to be 250-300 entries per man-hour, while today's record is about 150 entries.

The dearth of well trained machine operators has been primarily responsible for the gap between actual performance of machine units and their potential productive capacity. Another factor contributing to machine inefficiency has been the sale of equipment ill suited to the specific needs of an office. Lastly, mechanized offices have lacked scientific organization.

With appreciable business economies in view, American management is bending every effort to correct those conditions. Not long ago the New England section of the Office Management Association started a movement to develop a program of office-help training and to install office machinery in business schools. In response to the demand for trained machine operators, business schools are beginning to institute courses in machine operation. At present such courses constitute only 10 percent of their enrolment.

Faced by a barrage of complaining purchasers, the business-machine salesmen are awaking to the wisdom of selling the proper equipment to their customers.

Finally, American office management is revising office routine and personnel to suit the needs of efficient machine production. Elaborate Time-Motion Charts, Progress Charts, Idle Expense Charts are being made of Tillie's movements to increase her output per girl-hour. The charts are designed to discover and then to institute the most efficient procedures.

Here, for instance, are the first eight of the twenty-two steps in the prescribed procedure for a dictaphone operator correcting a letter typed from a dictaphone record by another operator:

1. Stamp card starting time and wash hands.
2. Record meter reading on time card.
3. Remove material to be corrected from incoming box.
4. For each incoming letter, for which typed matter has been returned to be corrected:
    a. Detach typed data from correspondence.
    b. If correction has been charged to Phonographer and such charge is questionable:
        a. Secure record from which data were transcribed, remove from container and insert in Ediphone.
        b. Move indicator on Ediphone to approximate degree in which corrected matter was dictated; put on earphone; start Ediphone; listen to dictation until it is apparent whether or not Phonographer made error; stop Ediphone and remove earphones.

By such step-by-step analysis of every single action necessary to the performance of an office function, management is pushing up its office productivity to higher levels and sloughing off unnecessary workers. In the cashiering department of a retail store productivity was increased 154 percent—from 543 transactions to 1,376—per man-hour with the development of a time-motion technique. Seven girls of the seventeen employed in the expense bureau of an insurance company were dispensed with as the result of a new procedure evolved for the operation of the punching machine.

It is impossible to obtain any reliable estimate of the total number of workers already displaced by office machinery. Records show, however, that during the depression, from 1929 to 1935, American management invested about $500,000,000 in office machinery. During the same period there were produced about 754,700 adding, listing and bookkeeping-billing machines and 112,800 calculating machines.

To understand the full implication of these production totals it should be borne in mind that even under existing machine utilization:

The dictaphone displaces one out of every two stenographers;

The bookkeeping machine displaces about two out of every three bookkeepers;

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The check-writing and billing machines displace three out of every four check-writers;

The statistical machine displaces four out of every five statistical workers;

And the tabulator, sorter and punch machines displace eleven out of every twelve tabulating clerks.

In the case of the tabulating machine alone, at least 300,536 hand calculators have lost their jobs within the past few years with the installation of 25,878 units of this mechanism.

In the fact of all these things—the assembly line, the speed-up, piece rates and, above all, job insecurity—it is small wonder that Tillie is beginning to join a union.

There is little that organized office workers can do to keep employers from ultimately laying off employees as they increase the efficiency of their machines. That is a right of employers that will go unchallenged so long as the government avoids meeting the issue of technological unemployment. However, by contracting for shorter hours of work and wage increases, unions admitting office workers to membership can retard the lay-offs and counteract, to some extent, the loss in national purchasing power that will follow in their wake.

MAL J. STUART

Bonneville

TWO YEARS AGO James D. Ross, then a commissioner of the SEC, told President Roosevelt the Tennessee Valley Authority would be better off under a one-man administrator than a three-man board. That advice was sound. Today, Ross is the one-man administrator of the $75,000,000 federal dam at Bonneville on the Columbia River. He is working swiftly and thoroughly, without the bickering and strife which recently have hampered the progress of the TVA.

Eighteen people's power districts have been formed in the state of Washington, and these are ready to distribute the energy from Bonneville on a basis of public ownership. These districts will comprise the largest public-power network in America. Ross intends to give them the first crack at the ultimate 500,000 kilowatts to be generated by the giant barrier. He is one of the country's most active advocates of public ownership. For more than thirty years he has been superintendent of the Seattle municipal light plant, and his appointment by Secretary Ickes to the Bonneville post was enthusiastically approved by both the President and Senator Norris.

Ross is sixty-five years old, a homespun sort of character with a tenacious faith in the people. He has lately expressed that faith in a unique way. He said that the people never have had a chance to express their opinion on what they should pay for electricity. So before submitting his rate schedules to the Federal Power Commission, he held public hearings in every important community in the Pacific Northwest. He invited ranchers, cowpunchers, trappers and sheepherders to come down out of the hinterlands and give him their views on the power question. Then he embodied the concensus of these attitudes into his report. Most of the people, said Ross, favored giving the power to farms and homes first. They thought factories and manufacturing plants should come last. Ross says he intends to operate Bonneville with this principle in mind.

He has just announced that the philosophy of production-for-use will be applied to the sale of power from the big federal dam. "Electricity has too long been sold on a basis of scarcity," Ross said. "The real theory behind the sale of power should be abundance. Why not? There is plenty of it." The consumers of the vast, 400,000-square-mile Columbia Basin will purchase power from Bonneville by the "kilowatt year." This means that the people will be encouraged to use electricity freely rather than being compelled to turn it off continually for fear of sending their light bills soaring.

Already power is being generated at Bonneville, and survey crews are building steel-latticed transmission poles across the uplands and plateaus of the Northwest. Ross declares that he will follow the President's counsel and not encourage the establishment of "new Pittsburghs" close to the source of power. If the electricity is sold to factories, he believes those factories should be scattered throughout the region instead of concentrated in huge manufacturing centers near the dam. Since Seattle and Tacoma already have efficient municipal plants, and with eighteen new districts serving the hinterlands, Ross believes the state of Washington will soon show the entire nation what public ownership can mean.

There are only two hindrances in Ross's way. He has a legal department which has proved singularly inept, and the utility district law in the state of Oregon is a labyrinth of confusion and technicalities. This jumble was partially responsible for the recent defeat of a public-power proposal in that state. Not so long ago Secretary Ickes sent a proposed law to Oregon, seeking a way out of the maze. The legislature adopted the measure overwhelmingly, but it was vetoed by Governor Charles H. Martin.

A few statistics show the importance of the progress Ross has made and the significance of his devotion to the public-ownership cause. Bonneville Dam and Grand Coulee Dam, 300 miles farther up the roaring Columbia, will eventually produce more power than all the other federal dams in America combined. Grand Coulee, the largest structure in the world, will be completed about 1941. According to the Federal Power Commission, the Columbia River and its tributaries have 42 percent of all the potential hydro-electricity in the United States.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

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Shoot the Works

Men, Lions and Iron Bars

I HAVE BEEN DOING a little scouting around the circus and some of my discoveries carry disillusion. For instance it seems that lions are not very fierce after all. The man with whom I talked has been working with these animals for many years and never lost a thing save an inefficient assistant. When I asked how one moved up the scale in the matter of working out of the apprentice class, he blushed and admitted that in his younger days he went behind the back of his chief and sneaked in the cage at night with three novice lions when nobody was looking.

"The animals seemed somewhat surprised at being disturbed in the middle of the night," he said, "and began to pace rapidly up and down their cages. I paid no attention to this, but opened the door of each cage in succession and drove them out. Then I began as sternly as I could to order them around and give them their cues.

"Except, perhaps, for an unusual amount of snarling, they did as well for me as for Charlie. I put them through their regular work, which took fifteen or twenty minutes, drove them back, and fastened them into their own cages and climbed down on to the floor from the performing cage, much elated with my success. I had proved to myself that I could handle lions."

There seems to be no great trick in being a lion tamer. Take, for instance, the familiar stunt in which a trainer puts his head into a lion's mouth and you will find upon close survey that it is nothing to worry about. "This never failed to make the crowd hold its breath, but it was not as risky as it seemed," said my friend, "for with my hold on the lion's nose and jowl I could detect the slightest movement of his muscles and govern my actions accordingly." He did not develop the point, but I suppose that if he detected any intention on the lion's part of closing his mouth he would take his head out in order to make it easier for the animal. He also corrected a number of apprehensions about lions which may be of use to some readers. Contrary to popular belief, you have nothing to worry about if any of your lions insist on walking up and down. "A lion that will walk around when you get in the cage with him is all right, as a general thing, but look out for the one that goes and lies down in a corner." To be sure, there is something just a little disturbing in the afterthought indicated in "as a general thing."

In another respect the lion tamer was a little more specific about lions and therefore more helpful. "It is true, though," he added, "that you should never let one get behind you if you can help it, though in many of the acts it is not possible to keep all of them in front of you all the time." I can understand this advice, though it is not altogether clear to me just what I would do if a lion tried to get behind me. Of course, I would tell him not to, but after that I should be somewhat at a loss. I have never believed in being rough with lions. Probably I would let him have his way just to avoid argument. As a matter of fact I would have no great objection to having all my lions behind me if only I could keep far enough in front.

"A lion that growls frightfully and acts very ferocious when you are outside the cage may be one of the easiest to handle and get work out of when once you are actually in the cage; and on the other hand, a lion that is mean and dangerous to do anything with in the cage may be exceptionally docile from the outside and allow you to pet him freely."

This should go a long way toward solving the problem of lion tamers. All you have to do before a performance is to make a test from outside the cage. Try to pat your lion and pull his ears. If he growls and bites your hand you will know at once that you may come in and go about your business with perfect safety. On the other hand, if he meets your caresses by rolling over on his back and purring it is up to you to call off the show or send for your understudy.

The unfortunate fate of his own substitute was described by my friend with much detail and, I fear, a little relish. The man in question took the job when my pal struck for a raise in salary. Things went well enough during the first performance until the very end, and then it was the fault not of the lion but of the substitute, for he was ignorant of a new cue that had been added to the act.

"I had taught George to jump for me as I went out the door," my friend told me. "It had been done by blowing on his nose and then jumping back as you would play with a dog. It always made a great hit with the crowd, who supposed it had seen a lion try to eat a man and that I had had a very narrow escape. I worked it this way: After I had finished the rest of my act I would get George all stirred up and growling. Then I would fire my pistol two or three times and jump out of the cage as quickly as I could. At the same time George would give a big lunge and come up against the door which I had just shut behind me. George had learned the trick so well that frequently I had to turn on him once or twice and work him farther back from the door before I dared attempt getting out."

Unfortunately the substitute had missed all this part of the act. He started out of the cage and George jumped at him and the man was not prepared to dodge. The moral seems to be that nobody should covet another man's job, not even that of lion taming.

Lions, for all their air of authority, seem to be easily dominated. They're not so much wicked as weak. Anybody with a little firmness can twist them around a finger, possibly not the little finger, but any of the others. It is a great pity that lions should be like that. To be sure, the information ought not to come as a surprise to anybody who is familiar with the Bible. As far as we know, Daniel had not so much as an iron bar when he went into the den. He overawed the lions with nothing more than faith.

Perhaps it is not quite fair to go on as if lions were the only living creatures in all the world who are swayed and cowed by firmness and authority. The same weakness may be found now and then among men. All too many of us if hit on the nose with iron bars, either real ones or symbols, do little more than lions in similar circumstances. We may growl and roar a little, but we do not show resentment in any efficient way. And like the lions, we are singularly stupid in not making working alliances with our fellows

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against the man with the iron bar. By and by we begin to go through the hoops as if the procedure were inevitable. Having made a protest we feel that our duty is done. It is a great pity. Lions ought to know better.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

While Spain Waits for Guns

DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS, many persons in and out of the government have tried to persuade Congress to raise the Spanish arms embargo. They have tramped miles through government corridors, held hundreds of conferences, worked with feverish energy. They have had a desperate job. For many days together, news came of the thundering march of the *Franquistas* south to the Mediterranean. To the partisans of the Barcelona government here, it seemed as if the fate of 28,000,000 Spaniards, and ultimately the fate of Europe, rested with their success in forcing the United States to act.

A few days ago, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 17 to 1 to keep the embargo in force. The Barcelona partisans do not understand why, and are bewildered and bruised. They feel sure that Mr. Roosevelt sympathizes with them and that he shares their conviction that a Franco victory would be a world disaster. Their most active leader, Representative Byron N. Scott—whose boyhood idol was Woodrow Wilson—visited the White House about three weeks ago. Jubilantly he returned to Capitol Hill to announce that "it was all over"—that Mr. Roosevelt would move promptly to lift the embargo.

Until last week, Mr. Scott and his fellows felt equally certain of Mr. Hull's support. They had had long, satisfactory conferences with him, and had learned how profoundly he abhors fascism.

Most observers agree that the issue still lies chiefly with President Roosevelt. If he should publicly ask for repeal of the embargo, Congress could probably be counted on to push through the appropriate legislation in a few days.

It would still need to be explained, however, why the administration and Congress hesitated during the weeks that Franco was hammering his way southward from Teruel. Mr. Scott and his friends place the blame on a group of State Department subordinates who, they allege, conceal fascist hearts beneath well cut jackets. The report of a Hermann Göring cell within the Department has been widely circulated. It has a plausible sound, but—in the writer's opinion—the situation is much more complicated. Ever since the London Economic Conference in 1933, there have been two factions among State Department officials—those who thought Mr. Roosevelt gave Mr. Hull a raw deal and those who held Mr. Roosevelt blameless. The top Roosevelt adherent has been Under-secretary Welles. As nearly as the writer can discover, throughout the present drive to lift the Spanish embargo subordinates on either side have been pointing a finger at their enemies and screaming: "Fascist!" Mr. Scott and his colleagues have had their legs pulled. For example, Mr. Scott's group has named Mr. Welles and a close adviser of Mr. Hull as co-plotters against lifting the embargo. The truth is that the two men have not said more than "Good morning" to each other in five years.

But while the interior feuds of the State Department have indirect importance, they do not—again in the writer's opinion—explain why, in the critical month of April, the embargo was left in effect. Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Hull is a prisoner of subordinates. Queer things are happening in Washington, but the government is not yet being conducted by Rasputins. Whatever fault there may be must be shouldered by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull. The writer does not doubt their sympathy for Barcelona. But what has been uppermost in both men's minds—and this Mr. Scott and his friends overlook—is the desire to bring about the repeal of the whole body of neutrality legislation. Whatever other matters they disagree on, they are as one on this. If they had thought that, along with the embargo on Spain, Congress was prepared to do away with mandatory embargoes altogether, they would have acted weeks ago. It is reported that the administration believes that the campaign of Mr. Scott and his associates is having the effect of discrediting "straitjacket" neutrality. This is both why the administration encourages them and why it has been waiting.

One aspect of the wages-and-hours fight deserves special comment. The CIO and Labor's Non-Partisan League backed the Ramspeck bill before the House Labor Committee. The A. F. of L., through Mr. William Green, denounced the Ramspeck bill with exaggerated violence. A. F. of L. representatives lobbied against it, although, it is true, in a lackadaisical fashion. As told in these Notes two weeks ago, the A. F. of L. and the Department of Labor at the last moment produced the measure now bearing Mrs. Norton's name, and jockeyed it through the labor committee. The CIO and LNPL wasted no words on what had been done. By some of the fastest, most intelligent lobbying the writer has ever seen, they were chiefly instrumental in the subsequent great victory of Bill Green's measure—when members of the House fairly mobbed the clerk's desk in their eagerness to sign the petition releasing it from the Rules Committee. Green's measure is now sure to pass the House, and for this the followers of John L. Lewis are in large measure responsible. The next time you hear someone say that organized labor cannot coöperate for its own advantage, you might cite this instance. You might also point out that all the coöperating was done by the reputedly intransigent CIO.

As most readers know, the five-year fight of the Food and Drug Administration to gain jurisdiction over patent-medicine, food and cosmetic advertising recently ended in defeat, and the control has gone to the Federal Trade Commission. Flushed by this triumph, the congressional enemies of the Food and Drug Administration have concocted a scheme that would seriously hamper its present work. The new food-and-drug bill before the House Rules Committee contains a legal joker, Section 701 F, that makes it possible for the makers of fake remedies and the adulterators of food to tie the government's prosecutors in

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knots. Lawyers say the new bill is weaker than the original legislation of 1906. According to Secretary Wallace, the effect of Section 701 F "would be to hamstring administration so as to amount to a practical nullification of the substantial provisions of the bill." The measure is now being kept in the Rules Committee largely by the single-handed effort of Representative Mapes, long-time friend of the Food and Drug Administration. If it should reach the floor with the prestige of the House leadership behind it, there is great danger that the House members, unaware of its faults, will let it go through.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

For Undistinguished Service

MY OLD FRIEND, the National Institute of Social Sciences, is in again. Two years ago in this column I chronicled the great event in its history when it gave a medal to J. Pierpont Morgan, the well known grouse hunter, yachtsman and man of leisure, "in recognition of distinguished service rendered to humanity, as one exemplifying and promoting high standards of business ethics and upholding the honor and credit of our country." At the time I wondered what the old boy had done to deserve this. And, oddly, Mr. Morgan expressed the same puzzlement. It couldn't have referred to the preferred lists which Ferdinand Pecora aired at the Senate Banking Committee hearings. It could hardly have referred to the performances recorded in the Munitions Committee hearings. But that is beside the point, for Mr. Morgan is now officially ticketed by the National Institute itself as a distinguished helper of humanity.

But this year the Institute has labored again and brought forth another collection of medals. This time it presented three. One of them went, curiously enough, to John W. Davis, Mr. Morgan's lawyer, for his distinguished services to humanity. Mr. Davis was not so modest as his boss and did not express any surprise at being so honored. Somehow I gathered he had saved America's freedom from somebody or other and merited the medal.

It was singularly appropriate that the medal to the lawyer for the Morgans should have been presented on the part of the Institute by Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, another great social scientist. What he was doing representing the Institute I do not know. Another medal was presented to Mr. Walter S. Gifford, head of the A. T. and T., who also rendered during the year, I take it, distinguished service to humanity.

The third medal went to Miss Dorothy Thompson, who also rendered some distinguished service to humanity which justified picking her out among all her fellows as the winner of a medal. The presentation recalls a medal given by the Institute in 1935 to Senator Carter Glass. That was the year the Senator was being decorated with LL.D.'s by all the leading colleges in the East for his great stand against the effort of the New Deal to turn over the control of the people's banking system to a government-ruled Federal Reserve Board instead of one ruled by bankers. And this year Miss Thompson's contributions to the discussion of current political and economic subjects naturally raise the same kind of gratitude in the minds of the grateful scientists.

The first rift in the SEC when it was organized was about the statement of the Northern States Power Company filed with the Commission. At the time Kemper Simpson, economic adviser of the Commission and himself an accountant and author of a book on accountancy, severely criticized the statement, declaring that there was no authoritative support for the accounting principles on which it was formed, that it was inadequate and intended to conceal rather than reveal the truth about the company's affairs. Ferdinand Pecora, then a member of the Commission, and Judge Healy approved this view and expressed themselves with considerable force and even some heat on the subject. But Joe Kennedy sided with the Northern States Power Company. Commissioner Matthews did also. And Jim Landis threw in the deciding vote against Pecora and Healy. It was not a nice day's work. Both Pecora and Healy announced that they would write dissenting opinions, but not long thereafter Pecora was named a judge and Healy probably let the matter go rather than stir up further dissension among the Commission members.

It was the first revelation of where Jim Landis stood. The outside public did not hear much about this, but the Northern States Power case remains as one of the black spots in the Commission's record.

Recently, under the leadership of Chairman William O. Douglas, that bad record has been corrected and a new order has been issued reversing the old Kennedy-Landis Northern States Power rule.

Commissioner John W. Hanes, the Wall Street stock broker and investment banker who was appointed a member of the SEC last year, has been making quite a name for himself in Washington—so great in fact, that the President wants him in the Treasury Department as the fiscal adviser to Mr. Morgenthau, the same post to which the President once appointed Mr. Earle Bailie.

Hanes has made two great contributions to recovery history. One of course was the rounding up of the business executives and herding them to the White House to offer an armistice to the President. The other was his plan to have the federal government lend to merchants and producers on their unsalable inventories in order to enable them to hold on and keep the prices up. This majestic plan for recovery so impressed President Roosevelt that he thinks the Treasury ought to have the benefit of Mr. Hanes's giant economic wisdom.

Certainly Mr. Hanes ought not to be on the Securities and Exchange Commission to regulate his old friends in Wall Street. Far better to have him in the Treasury.

If Hanes goes to the Treasury, this will leave a vacancy in the SEC. It is to be hoped that the President will not feel called on to name another Wall Street broker. The President's experience with the Guffey Coal Commission ought to convince him that he cannot expect intelligent service in regulation from the men who represent the interests regulated.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Movies: Add One, Carry Two

THE SADDEST THING is when the boys in pictures get everything in their hands—a cast, material, narrative skill—then after tossing it back and forth a while, throw it away in several directions at once. That in the end is the ticket for "Crime School," Warner Brothers' attempt to repeat on "Dead End." (Well, they had the "Dead End" kids and Humphrey Bogart under contract, didn't they?) But though the writers openly cribbed several turns from the former play, there is no need to waste time on comparisons. Their failure is one of hollow carpentry throughout, slapping up any old false front of lath and clapboard to make it come out even and happy.

Six of the toughest kids in the world go from idle if almost frightening chatter on the doorsteps of the city to their set business of bringing in looted bicycles, bathtubs, spares and auto accessories for pay-off night at Junkie the Fence's. This is fine sharp stuff, the pace and setting are just right and those boys are more authentic in gesture and living speech (grade-A low-Manhattan) than you'd believe. And the juvenile-court scene is good—a little heavy on law and order, but wide open about the educational nature of reform schools, and the lives of slum kids, and what it is that twists and drives them. The picture is still going well through the sequence of first night in the reform school, with Frankie's fight, wild break through the rain, and flogging.

But if the compound lesion, fissure and buckling of intentions from here on could somehow be made visible, Metro would grab the negative for earthquake scenes in its next "San Francisco." The bad warden is fired by a social-settlement gentleman, who falls in love with Frankie's big sister, who mistakes him for a perfect rotter. Frankie continues to get twice as desperately tough with the nice man as anybody could be and hold together, but presently turns around and takes the Scout Oath. Then, owing to the curious workings of an Evil Scheme, he becomes *three* times as desperate and would have shot the nice man if it hadn't been for the complicated godsend of a breathless climax, after which the whole gang is sprung, and the Bad Dannies have gone beyond "Little Men" into the Eagle Patrol for keeps.

There are lots of keen or funny things in this last part, but they drift around on the surface. There is no chance of anchorage because (1) the universal problem recognized at the start is ducked by an individual chance solution; (2) character and motivation have been booted around and completely out of shape in the sole and evident interest of a show having equal parts of excitement, happy ending, love interest, humor. Go to see Billy Halop, Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell—the kids—and Humphrey Bogart, the man against odds. Go to see, and stay to wonder.

Sacha Guitry's "Pearls of the Crown" is an extremely venturesome job—action, philosophy, didactic narration, three different languages, five different centuries, ten different countries at least, all bound round with the history of a string of pearls. And there are occasional settings, actors and excitements which are delightful, seeming to come from life. Surely these are things worth something. Still, the continuity is such a discontinuous juggling of historical fragments, embalmed epigrams, wigs, words and waxworks; the acting is so frequently ham in thin slices and the meaning so missing, that I don't know what a plain reviewer is to make of his boredom.

Grant that the tri-lingual experiment is of value to the history of film expression. Grant the episode with the Ethiopian Queen to be priceless, the Anne Boleyn French lesson good, Pope Clement VII good and Mme. Guitry something you'd like to have around. Still, Sacha Guitry's idea of film cutting is feeding a lot of stock strips into an electric fan, his idea of unity in motion something like taking a deck of cards (well shuffled and thumbed and for pinochle at that) and dealing them solemnly out, face up, jack, ace, king, ten, queen, queen, queen, saying over and over in a drilled tri-lingual elocution, "Lwee Quator'zuh, Hanry dee Ate, noh? O baby che malo I say et spiritu sanctu O K boss." With just that feeling, meaning and sense. I am wondering what anyone would find to say if Monogram Pictures should suddenly dig up a lantern-slide amateur, leave him in the studios a week alone with a pair of scissors and the customs-house personnel, then print and distribute the result (taking the sole precaution to see it didn't run backward) as a motion picture or anything else.

To which pretentious busts I somehow prefer "Lady in the Morgue," a routine Crime Club job on a Jonathan Latimer novel, and manufactured out of Universal's shoestring at that. It is about how Preston Foster and Frank Jenks held the New York homicide squad practically in its tracks while they unraveled matters too complicated to catch up with at the time or tell about after. It has humor and action and keeps moving busily along; and if it isn't so much, you at least aren't pestered by its trying to be. Humor and action and moves busily along—and that, if you will think back to Ince and the Keystone lot, was why movies were born in the first place.

OTIS FERGUSON

"From Every Mountainside"

"No Jews allowed in this hotel;
They're noisy, clannish, and they smell."

"Don't play with Michael Murphy, child;
Those Catholics are bad and wild."

"If Negroes vote in Alabama
They'll violate your wife and mama."

"This country, proud Americans,
We wrested from the Indians."

"For liberty's sake we fought and spoke
To free us from the British yoke."

"Remember that this glorious nation
Is built on the rock of toleration."

"Unjust, tyrannical, unfair
Is Hitlerism over there."

"We're met tonight in freedom's cause,
America for all." [APPLAUSE]

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

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The Bandwagon

The spirit of good-neighborliness, which has slowly spread over Europe during the last few weeks, continued to hold the upper hand in last week's developments. – *From an article by William H. Y. Knighton Jr. in The Baltimore Sun of April 25.*

Our system of government is responsible for our favored position as a business nation because it held out incentive to daring souls to take chances in industrial undertakings, and because it gave us small government expenses, until we began to tamper with the Constitution, changing the election of Senators to direct vote, adopting the primary system and incorporating the income tax. – *From an editorial in Nation's Business, published by the United States Chamber of Commerce.*

Losing an hour of good sleep every morning until fall is a silly law, especially in these times, when 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 are idle. – *From a letter signed "Housewife" published in The Chicago Daily News.*

The stock exchange, after a full week of steadily declining price levels, rallied briskly in today's short session on reports of an effective air raid conducted by Nipponese bombers on Hankow. – *United Press dispatch from Tokyo published in The Pittsburgh Press.*

It is a rare treat to lunch at the Mayflower and kibitz on Harold L. Ickes and Jesse Jones. Mr. Ickes has lovely manners and Mr. Jones is so handsome and has beautiful dimples and a great deal of money. – *From a society item in The New York Daily News.*

The Embarrassment of Riches

That boy [Howard Hughes] suddenly finds himself in complete control of a great factory and a great fortune built up by a father who was one of the great men of his day. What further handicap could any young man have? – *Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, quoted by Lowell Thomas in Your Life Magazine.*

The Head of the Stock Exchange

Whitney office effects sold for $3,108—30 pounds of aspirin bring 50 cents. – *From a headline in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS.

Correspondence

Radio's First "First Aid"

SIR: I have just read the article entitled "Jobs Wanted" by Robert McRoberts in the issue of The New Republic of May 4. "Help Thy Neighbor," radio's original "first aid" to the jobless, was the first program of its kind to be broadcast over any radio station in America. It was conceived and executed by me almost two years ago, and is now an established feature of the Mutual Don Lee Broadcasting System on the Pacific Coast. Therefore, Mr. McRoberts errs when he says that KQV [in Pittsburgh] is the first radio station in the country to turn realistic attention to the problem of unemployment. In this connection, I might add that "Help Thy Neighbor" has never been branded as a slave block. Further, it has never been likened to a "chamber of horrors." On the contrary, it has sent more than 6,000 people to gainful employment during its existence, and has received enthusiastic assistance and endorsement by every theatrical and trade paper in America. More than that, it has received countless endorsements from national, state and local officials. A statewide "Good Neighbor Day" in California has been declared in its honor, as well as a "Human Kindness Week" in Los Angeles. . . .

Los Angeles, Calif. HAL STYLES

SIR: Gentlemen, gentlemen, I protest! Your entire article on page 392 of the May 4 issue of your magazine is wrong, all wrong! That Pittsburgh station is not the first to broadcast appeals by unemployed people for work. Well over a year and a half ago I personally appeared on a broadcast of "Help Thy Neighbor," a program broadcast here in Los Angeles every Sunday, which gets jobs for people. I asked for work as an office girl—and I got it! Had I not decided to go into nurses' training, I would be there still. . . .

Los Angeles, Calif. ESTER EISENSTEIN

National Defense in the Pacific

SIR: I am glad that Major Eliot agrees that a Great Circle map gives a more accurate picture of the North Pacific than does the Mercator map—in his comment in your issue of May 11. Also, that we certainly need a base at Unalaska. The Major is, however, convinced that our main base on the Unalaska-Hawaii-Panama line of defense should be at Hawaii, which he holds is a central position; that we must maintain our ability to operate on interior lines.

A globe will show that the "most probable intentions" of a hostile western Pacific fleet—in the effort to attack our West Coast—would be to proceed by the direct and short 2,500-mile steamer lane from Yokohama to Unalaska, which is several hundred miles nearer the West Coast than is Honolulu. The globe will indicate also that no fleet can pass to the North of the Aleutians and that only by maintaining our principal base at Unalaska can we preserve the ability to operate on the interior and short lines—a great advantage in war. Should a Japanese fleet take the 5,000-mile route from Yokohama via the Marshall Islands toward Hawaii, our Unalaska fleet would have only 2,500 miles' steaming to reach Yokohama and other Japanese cities. (Really but 1,500 miles from excellent Aleutian Islands harbors well to the west of Unalaska. A Honolulu fleet is much too far from Yokohama to attack any Japanese port.)

The measured, official judgment of Admiral Leahy, our chief authority on naval matters, as given to the House Naval

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Affairs Committee, is of the greatest importance as affecting our entire policy in the Far East: "The navy which America now has and the navy which it will have when it is increased by the authority contained in this bill will be seriously inadequate to the task of sending a naval force to the Philippines." Again: "I said it would require at least three times this amount of increase of our present navy to warrant undertaking such an expedition, and I doubt if we could with three times the increase." And that a fleet about twice the size of the fleet of any Asiatic naval power would be required to carry on a war in the vicinity of the Philippines. The Admiral said also: "The establishment of hostile naval bases in the Aleutians peninsula would be certainly very troublesome to our sea defense."

A hostile Japanese fleet attempting an attack on the Panama Canal would have to steam 9,000 miles to a region where they have no refueling bases. Such a difficult if not impossible venture would be checked by our forces at Unalaska and Hawaii. Such a fleet from Japan attempting hostile action on the West Coast or at Panama would have to be twice the size of the United States fleet.

WILLIAM C. RIVERS
Major General, United States Army, Retired.
New York City

Praise from Sir Hubert

SIR: I wish to express my appreciation for the fine and very illuminating article "Mussolini Appoints a Successor" published in The New Republic of May 4.

Chicago, Ill. G. A. BORGESE

They Shall Not Starve

SIR: I would like to commend Mr. Bruce Bliven Jr. for his article entitled "Shall They Starve?" in the April 13 issue. Mr. Bliven clearly sets forth what is wrong with the government's relief policy and the suffering that results from the refusal to adopt a more just and humane attitude toward all who are unable to take care of themselves. There can be no question that there is widespread suffering throughout the country because the states and local communities are not able to provide sufficient funds for the relief of those who are not employed on the WPA. No work program, however broad, can possibly eliminate the need for providing relief for those groups who cannot possibly be assigned to work projects. There is, in addition, a very substantial number of those employed on the WPA whose family needs are in excess of their "security" wage and who are receiving supplementary assistance from the relief departments.

BENJAMIN GLASSBERG, Superintendent,
Department of Outdoor Relief, Milwaukee County
Milwaukee, Wis.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John Voss of Willamette University, Salem, Oregon, takes exception to two statements in Frederick L. Schuman's "The Perfidy of Albion" (April 20). He writes that there were many causes, other than considerations of Belgian neutrality, that led England into the World War; that Belgian neutrality was emphasized simply as a method of selling the War to the British public and at the same time minimizing the less idealistic but more fundamental causes for British entry into the War. Mr. Voss, in addition, denies that the War might have been averted if England had announced her intention to defend Serbia, Russia and France against the Central Powers. . . . Lynn H. Harris, president of Blue Ridge College, New Windsor, Maryland, commenting on the same article, writes, "I think a good case might be made for England's course of action. . . . A mutually destructive war between Italy and Germany on one hand and Soviet Russia on the other . . . would be more to the good than otherwise."

Sydney Harris, editor of The Beacon, Chicago, offers a bitter criticism of Heywood Broun's page: "Mr. Broun is certainly entitled to his alleged opinions. But he does not deserve to be batting in the major leagues. . . . If you must continue with him, don't place his column so close to T. R. B. and John T. Flynn." . . . Daniel Tracy of Hoboken, New Jersey, says that Italy, because of her irreconcilable conflict of interests with England in the Near East, Asia and Africa, has reduced herself to a second-rate nation by signing the pact with Britain.

Samuel Redmond of New York City says that now is the time to organize a committee to aid the victims of fascist aggression in Czechoslovakia instead of waiting until the calamity has taken place. . . . George Richmond Walker of Boston thinks the pump-priming program is doomed to failure because of the hoarding which is likely to increase as the effects of the spending program are felt. Perhaps after the program has failed, he thinks, some consideration will be given to the possibility of a direct tax on hoarding. . . . R. W. W. Wilmot of London, England, asks what has happened in the murder case of Norman Redwood, the New Jersey labor leader (discussed in the July 21, 1937, issue). There has been no public statement of any progress on the case.

A. Ann Silver of Boston writes of the Summer Laboratory on Social and Industrial Conditions in Greater Boston which will be held from July 4 to July 30. Its purpose is to give a limited number of college men and women direct experience in dealing with the social problems of a typical American city and to this end a comprehensive program of field trips, supervised field work and speeches has been arranged. Further information may be obtained from the Summer Laboratory, 410 Stuart Street, Boston, Massachusetts. . . . The Descendants of the American Revolution are holding a meeting Sunday, May 22, at 3 P.M. in the Hall of Fame of New York University to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the first legal test of Roger Williams' "Social Compact." The program will include the laying of a wreath to Roger Williams and the reading of an essay on this comparatively little-known Father of Democracy. The public is cordially invited.

What's on the Air?

Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper talks on "Giving and Taking in Trade Development," Monday, May 23, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard speaks on "World Economic Coöperation," Friday, May 27, 4:45 P.M., CBS.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull delivers an address in connection with National Trade Week, Friday, May 27, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

President James B. Conant of Harvard discusses "Defenses Against Propaganda," Friday, May 27, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Sir Adrian Roult as guest conductor, Saturday, May 21, 10 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, Sunday, May 22, 2 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; a dramatization of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter," with Merle Oberon, Monday, May 23, 9 P.M., CBS; the Toronto Promenade Symphony Orchestra with Reginald Stewart, piano soloist, Thursday, May 26, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Bamberger Symphony Orchestra, Friday, May 27, 10 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Moscow Trial: II

THERE ARE certain lessons to be drawn from the latest Moscow trial, the verbatim report of which I reviewed last week. There are certain conclusions regarding Soviet history and certain questions regarding the ethics of a revolutionary society.

The first Five Year Plan, beginning in 1928, was not merely a new policy but a new revolution. That is one point reëmphasized by the trial. The 1928 revolution shook the country to its depths, like the two revolutions of 1917. It aroused almost as much opposition and it came perhaps as near to the brink of failure.

The critical period was the autumn of 1932 and the early spring of 1933. At that time Russian industry was disorganized not only by the mistakes made during the first years of the Plan, but also by the world economic crisis and by the sudden need for military supplies that resulted from the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. Russian agriculture was disorganized by a sitdown or slowdown strike against collectivization. The last harvest had been disastrous (partly on account of drought) and so much grain had been requisitioned to feed the army in the Far East that there was scarcely enough seed for the new crop. The whole country was on short rations. Complaints were silenced by the political police; the jails were full. Just at that moment, people in America were praising the logic and perfection of the Russian system as opposed to the planless economy of the West. But observers on the ground, both Russian and foreign, were wondering whether that perfect system could survive another bad harvest.[1]

This explains the growth and violence of the Right Opposition—Bukharin and Rykov thought that Stalin was leading the country to the brink of utter disaster and had to be stopped by any means, at any cost. This also explains the tactics to which they confessed at the trial. Judging that the crisis had been produced by giantism, bureaucracy and inefficiency, they determined to encourage giantism, bureaucracy and inefficiency, with the aim of producing a general peasant insurrection. At the trial, the prosecution called that wrecking. But the Rights must have regarded it as merely hastening an inevitable historic process, as following the Marxian dialectic.

And make no mistake, they came within an inch of success. The Trotskyites who were sentenced in 1937 might be regarded simply as discontented and disloyal officials. They had made no attempt to gain popular support; in fact their tactics had alienated most of the support with which they began. But the Right Oppositionists had so many adherents, and their compromising policy was so genuinely popular in the worst days of the crisis, that they had every prospect of coming to power. Yagoda joined forces with them because he thought they were going to win, and Yagoda, as head of the secret police, should have been the best informed man in Russia.

They were defeated mostly by the devotion of the younger Communists, and by Stalin's success in staving off a war with Japan (largely through bluff), but also partly by the weather. The spring and summer of 1933 were almost ideal for wheat growing. The big harvest of that year not only ended the food shortage (permanently, it would seem) but also made it possible to reorganize the collective farms into smaller and more efficient units. After that, the Rights could no longer hope for mass support from the peasantry. They formed a loose alliance with the Trotskyites and began the series of schemes for political assassinations and palace insurrections that ended with their trial.

But the lessons to be drawn from that trial belong to the field of ethics as well as to that of history. You begin to wonder whether certain types of power do not inevitably corrupt the men who hold it. Take the case of Yagoda. He seems to have begun life as a sincere revolutionist. His two brothers were killed by the Tsar's troops in 1905 and he himself served bravely from 1917 to 1921. Yet after fifteen years in the secret police he had become a sort of petty Oriental despot with subservient courtiers and a laboratory in which chemists distilled special poisons to remove his enemies. His official place has been taken by Yezhov, who now has the reputation of being capable and devoted. But after fifteen years, will Yezhov be better than Yagoda? Will the new Commissar of Agriculture retain the integrity that Chernov surrendered after one night in a German police station?

The decline of all these men was hastened by what seems to me an important weakness of communism *as a religion*. Of course, there is a danger at this point of reopening the old argument whether communism is or is not a religion, which is an argument chiefly over the use of words. Communism isn't a religion in the sense of being a doctrine supernaturally revealed. But in Russia it has become a religion in point of function. That is, it has supplied its adherents with an ideal, a purpose in life, a moral code and finally a sense of communion that was disappearing from the Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic and Mohammedan religions with which it came into conflict. Communism has developed its saints and its sacred texts, its doctrinal quarrels and its tragic sense of life. But it has failed to develop the feeling of human limitations, the personal humility that distinguished the Christian ideal at its best. It has failed to give a warning against pride—in Christian theology the sin of the angels, for which Lucifer was cast out of heaven.

Intellectual pride was the vice of Marx himself; it led him into those interminable quarrels with Proudhon, Vogt, Lassalle and Bakunin in which he was, quite probably, right at every point, but certainly wrong in the battle as a whole, wrong to fight it so relentlessly and at such an

[1] This crisis was not glossed over by The New Republic. A vivid and unbiased description of the countryside can be found in "Trip to Russia," by L. K. E., a New Republic Dollar Book, parts of which appeared in the magazine. We also printed a sharp analysis of the farm policy by Hans Zörner and an excellent series on the food shortage by Joshua Kunitz.—M. C.

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expenditure of energy and bile. Marx's pride has come down through the movement like a persistent blemish (though Engels was free of it, and so was Lenin). It is the moral background of these latest trials in Moscow—and not of the defendants alone; for its corollary is the vindictiveness and self-righteousness that were sometimes displayed by the prosecution.

As for the prisoners, they had been too proud to admit that they might sometimes be wrong when the Party was right. They had been too proud to yield when others took their places on the Political Bureau: weren't they all quicker and cleverer than Stalin? They talked about History just as Dickens' Mr. Podsnap talked about Providence: "He always knew exactly what Providence meant. . . . And it was very remarkable (and must have been very comfortable) that what Providence meant was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant." In the same way Yagoda knew exactly what History meant and it coincided with his own wishes. To quote from Dr. Levin's testimony:

> Then [Yagoda] went on to tell me that widespread dissatisfaction was growing and strengthening in the Party against the Party leadership, that a change of government was inevitable, predetermined and unavoidable, that the movement was headed by Rykov, Bukharin and Yenukidze. And since that was inevitable, since it would happen all the same, then the sooner it took place the better. In order to speed it up, in order to facilitate this process, we had to remove certain members of the Political Bureau and Alexei Maximovich Gorky from the political scene. That was a historical necessity.

Living in a socialist society, Yagoda expressed his crimes in the Marxian terminology. They were merely, he told himself, a method of hastening the historical process, of sharpening dialectical antagonisms and thus producing the new synthesis that would make him master of the Kremlin. For people who hesitated to take human life he had a profound contempt: Bukharin and Rykov to him were merely "chatterboxes." And I suppose he would have regarded the rest of us as something worse than that—as sentimentalists, waverers, compromisers, liberal nincompoops. Let us admit all these charges in advance—but isn't it these iron men, these ruthless masters of destiny, who are the real sentimentalists? One lesson of these trials—and not the least—is a new respect and affection for the political virtues of the old-fashioned liberals.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Parson in the Press Box

Farewell to Sport, by Paul Gallico. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 348 pages. $2.75.

PAUL GALLICO wrote sports, covered all the major events in America and Europe, for fourteen years. During that time he didn't have time to study the performers as people; he had to study them from the point of view of newspaper headlines and deadlines. Now he has written a book, "Farewell to Sport," in which he takes the performers apart to see what made them tick.

This is the part of the book which shows Gallico at his best, a humanist, a dramatist and a writer of enviable skill. It is when he steps into the pulpit and becomes a cross between Billy Sunday and William Allen White that he has you skipping pages and wondering if this is the night the Gang Busters program is on the air. As crusader, Parson Paul reads too many old sermons, and the hell-and-damnation spirit of them scarcely becomes the cultured sophisticate. He develops no new points, offers no new solutions. He just works up a mad and walks out.

He found only two football schools with scholastic purity, the Military Academy and the Naval Academy. He says the coaches, in their brutal greed for victory, play cripples; that the players, supposedly amateurs, are paid no more than $50 a week, whereas if they weren't just dumb kids they would be cutting into the rich gate receipts; that the whole system is "rotten from top to bottom"; that colleges are rackets and you can have them on rye bread. Thus Parson Paul takes an angry bite out of one apple and condemns the whole barrel. Everybody knows college football is pretty smelly under the arms, but it isn't that bad—and to give the Devils of Duke and the Angells of Yale their due, the monies taken from the garish football operas are all diverted into general athletic operations. I have been jockeying a typewriter in the press box myself for a number of years and I never heard of a scandal in connection with the administration of football monies.

Parson Paul also cranks up his good right hand and takes a lusty belt at the iniquities of prize fighting, which is much like shuddering in the presence of an advanced case of syphilis. Indeed, there was very little he found in sports that stirred his poetic ardor. He found that while the tennis stars were steep drinkers and able wenchers, they were addicted to cheap theatrics and pansyisms; that there was something about the sport and the atmosphere in which it is played that produced a carefully acquired snobbishness; that, in short, it was a quasi-social racket. There was something about golf that was a racket too. The National Open Championship was put on for the manufacturers of golf equipment, clothes, technical books, even underwear, and John Q. Sap, the public, was the all-time, all-American boob. He bought all these things in the hope he would cut strokes from his game.

To those who don't follow the more outspoken sports pages these chapters will come as interesting, even shocking revelations. Even to those who do, the rehashing in the Gallico manner will be engaging enough. But, to repeat, it is when Gallico slits the performers down the middle and examines their insides that he becomes the fascinating realist. His pictures of Dempsey and Ruth, their development from lowly origins into earthy, salty, genuine figures of national esteem; his logical justification of Tunney's ruthless, peculiar, even shady behavior on his way to the millionaire class; his warming, human canvas of Bobby Jones; his tenderly amusing understanding of the horse-faced gal athlete who got around to using face chalk and wearing silk underthings when romance touched her—these chapters make the book noteworthy and distinguished. And no man in American letters ever wrote a more moving, brilliantly macabre thing than the author's description of his emotions as he sat with the young 500-mile-race drivers and listened to the sermon of death.

Gallico recites how he went in for all sports personally in order to get what he calls the "feel" of them. Once he got himself knocked out by Dempsey just to see how it felt, which seemed to be carrying curiosity to desperate lengths. Whether Gallico ever got the feel of the sports

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themselves may be open to debate, but there is no doubt he got the feel of human equations, which happens to be more important, especially to a writing man, and we in the press box always rated the Big Guy right up at the top.

You'll find this an unusual book with drama, pathos, humor, guts, word beauty and some exaggerations that aren't so important. Even if you don't know sports you'll like the book. In fact, that'll be a help.

JOE WILLIAMS

Exceptional Book

English Pastoral Poetry, by William Empson. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 298 pages. $2.50.

THE COLYUMIST'S DREAM is of a book that lays down its thesis in the opening sentence, expands it through the entire introduction, repeats it with variations through several hundred pages, and winds up by summarizing it in an epilogue. By such a test, the superb literary analysis of William Empson would be the colyumist's nightmare. I have read this book three times, and each time I find more in it to reward the attention. In fact, I should like, if I am able, to make this review simply a plea, a "come and buy," recommending "English Pastoral Poetry" to those readers who are also frugal purchasers, and who would thus prefer a work of literary criticism that they can live with to one that they can hurry through.

Empson, who is an offshoot of I. A. Richards, is an honor both to his *magister* and to himself. He has made Richards' teachings his own, and thereby has been able to give them new developments, particularly in laying more stress upon the historical-transitional aspect of literary psychology, which Richards tends more to consider in its arrested, or "flat" aspects. His feeling for literature as a social manifestation is acute, fertile and well documented. There are few psychological novels that have the appreciation of nuance, the ironic pliancy, in which Empson is a specialist. You may legitimately complain that often his perceptions are too refined, leading him into a welter of observations that suffer from lack of selectivity and drive. He is far better at marginalia than at sustained exposition. Obviously, this critic could write an intelligent gloss upon every single line of a long work—and often he seems to have proceeded in precisely this way.

The underlying concern of "English Pastoral Poetry" reflects Empson's response to the salubrious effects that the "proletarian school" has exerted upon the course of literary criticism. To turn from Empson's earlier volume, "Seven Types of Ambiguity," to his present book, is to realize the importance of the new dimension that the Marxist emphasis has given to his work. Here the balloons of his earlier pure estheticism are effectively tied to a social basis of reference; the later work has a kind of "gravitational pull" in which the former is lacking. Yet he has by no means abandoned the liquidity of his previous volume—the happy result being that there is here no sociological simplism.

The opening chapter, on "Proletarian Literature," considers some representative statements of the proletarian school, and offers reasons why, for the author's purposes, the esthetic of proletarian literature should be considered as part of a wider literary strategy, named by him the "pastoral process." Some quotations from this chapter may serve to characterize the general tenor of his approach:

> The essential trick of the old pastoral, which was felt to imply a beautiful relation between rich and poor, was to make simple people express strong feelings (felt as the most universal subject, something fundamentally true about everybody) in learned and fashionable language.
>
> The usual process for putting further meanings into the pastoral situation was to insist that the shepherds were rulers of sheep, and so compare them to politicians or bishops or what not; this piled the heroic convention onto the pastoral one, since the hero was another symbol of his whole class.
>
> The praise of simplicity usually went with extreme flattery of a patron (dignified as a symbol of the whole society, through the connection of pastoral with heroic). . . . It allowed the flattery to be more extreme because it helped both author and patron to keep their self-respect. So it was much parodied, especially to make the poor man worthy but ridiculous, as often in Shakespeare; nor is this merely snobbish when in its full form. The simple man becomes a clumsy fool who yet has better "sense" than his betters and can say things more fundamentally true.
>
> The realistic sort of pastoral . . . also gives a natural expression for a sense of social injustice. So far as the person described is outside society because too poor for its benefits he is independent, as the artist claims to be, and can be a critic of society; so far as he is forced by this into crime he is the judge of the society that judges him.
>
> My own difficulty about proletarian literature is that when it comes off I find I am taking it as pastoral literature; I read into it, or find that the author has secretly put into it, these more subtle, far-reaching, and I think more permanent, ideas.

The author then proceeds, first to the analysis of double plot, with the ironic complexities arising from the juxtaposing of the central heroic thread with its burlesqued counterpart, and thence to many variants of his paradox, in the figures of poets, fools, children, madmen, rogues, who are in subtle and devious ways the bearers of sharp social criticism. Thus, we have the "Twist of Heroic-Pastoral Ideas into an Ironical Acceptance of Aristocracy" (elucidated by reference to Shakespeare's Sonnets); "The Ideal Simplicity Approached by Resolving Contradictions" (Marvell's "Garden"); "The Pastoral of the Innocence of Man and Nature" (Milton); "Mock-Pastoral as the Cult of Independence" ("Beggar's Opera"); "The Child as Swain" ("Alice in Wonderland").

One may, if he chooses, insist upon the important element of *difference* between this general "pastoral" category and its manifestations in books of specifically proletarian cast. For my own part, I much prefer Empson's way of considering the matter, by seeking the permanent forms that underlie changing historical emphases. Indeed, I should contend that one could not properly define the qualities of specifically proletarian works until he had first placed them in some such *genus* as Empson here proposes. Let us first see the whole line, in its long historical continuity, before attempting to differentiate the particular characterizations at any one stage along this line. Trying this approach, in this book by a man who has a most delightful sensitiveness to the fluctuant ways in which the tactics of compliment and insult (coupled with bids for immunity) are managed in works of imaginative scope, you will, I submit, get here an analysis highly provocative.

KENNETH BURKE

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Novels and Novelolas

"The Great American Novel—", by Clyde Brion Davis. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE DIARY of Homer Zigler, the reporter who was going to write the Great American Novel, follows the author's first novel, "The Anointed" in being a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice. Homer, from 1906 in Buffalo to 1936 in Denver, keeps a painstaking record of what happens to him so that when the proper moment comes he will have all the material for his novel. At the beginning he wants to write like Irving Bacheller, but twenty-odd years later he has decided Hemingway will make a better model. For thirty years Homer works on newspapers in Cleveland, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco—the usual itinerant reporter's route—but what happens to him, chronicled with dogged honesty, is not so real as his dreams of Frances, his old high-school sweetheart. He had walked out on Fran in a spasm of unbearable jealousy, and to the end of his life preferred the dream of her as unattainable to going back to her.

The story is as familiar as "Sweet Adeline"; every reader knows the words; it has the haunting quality of an old popular song, each verse telling a different story but the Dream-Girl-Come-Back refrain always the same. The dream girl is tied up with the unwritten novel, and Homer, asleep, worn out with the frustrations of his drab daily life, writes his novel subconsciously in terms of what he imagines Fran's life to be. He swears by his fantasies; they become patent medicine for his soul, literally keeping him alive until they are proved fake.

At fifty-three, with his Denver paper looking for younger blood, Homer is induced by his only confidante, a sympathetic widow, to dye his hair and buy a snappy new suit. His wistful attempt at rejuvenation startles his office mates but no one says anything except the fresh office-boy. "Say, Zig," he whispers, "how about a game of marbles, huh?"

Mr. Davis allows Homer to draw his own portrait with the simple gifts at his command, a reverence for journalistic clichés, an education in boiler-plate generalities and best-sellers, an old-timer's humble conviction that words are not to be chosen one by one but come in ordained sets. His prose reveals no peaks of inspiration, but the sustained mediocrity of vista has the hypnotic effect of a slow train through the Middle West, comforting in its universal rhythm, and achieving something of the moving simplicity of "Our Town."

DAWN POWELL

Three Women, by Hazel Hawthorne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A THIN FILM of Cape Cod fog and allusive subtlety hangs over "Three Women." It traces the three from their curiously intense childhood in the 1840's on through the Civil War, and sets them against a backdrop so sharply and sensitively designed that it almost obscures the narrative. One thinks of the women in relation to their backgrounds even more than to their destinies: Roxana, the intelligent one, content to brood in quiet on a high shelf made by the dunes; Emily, the clinging vine, trotting primly with a duster about her tidy Georgian house; Melissa, the wild one, framed by the solitude of bare ridges and beached oyster boats and heavy mists from the sea. As a footnote to these scenes there is the New England wartime atmosphere, a mixture of defiance and stubborn dogma, of thin-lipped austerity and benevolence. But partly because the men who go off to fight are less distinct than the women, and partly because the battle scenes are less incisive than scenes on the Cape, this is no Civil War novel of the blood-and-thunder variety. Despite first-hand views of a skirmish, hostilities remain for the most part a dim, ominous undertone. The muted sound of the waves, described with exquisite delicacy, seems more significant here than the roar of the guns.

MIRIAM BORGENICHT

The Flying Yorkshireman, edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS BOOK contains five of those outsize stories the Whit Burnetts are insisting will expand the world of literary forms if people will only learn to use the word *novella* with the proper amount of liquid "l" and a straight face. (Travel *does* broaden one, don't you think?) Like any stories, they range from good through indifferent to irritating. But the book would be worth it if only as preservation of Eric Knight's title piece.

This is the wonderful real-fantasy of the Yorkshireman (remember Knight's "Song on Your Bugles"?) who had got well-off on his patent doffer for the looms at home, and come to California, where he was living quietly with his wife and daughter when he found that he could fly—but scientifically, with a shrewd knowledge of resistances, air currents, pockets and banks of wind. It is impossible with the homely matter-of-factness, salt turn of speech and quick imagination of the best yarn-spinners. And by some miracle of sustained mood, by its sturdy roots in character and family life and its belief in people, it makes the impossible everyday without dulling its original wonder—giants on the earth again and Jack on his beanstalk.

Rachel Maddux's "Turnip's Blood," at the other end of the scale, is also a fantasy, though the author possibly doesn't know it. It tells the story of a kind doctor and a girl who is so sensitive, and frank about life, and adorably different, that she will someday meet herself in the Greenwich Village of "Is Sex Necessary?"

As to the other three: Albert Maltz is always too much Horatio Alger in the class struggle for my taste, and so to me his story of New Year's Eve in a Bowery flop-house has the overwriting and suspect emotion of the deliberate shocker, the difference between sincerity and inverted schmaltz. Helen Hull does a quite good study of the housewife who won a novel prize and came to New York with fixings, and the difference it made at home; and I. J. Kapstein has a youth-remembered mood ("The Song the Summer Evening Sings") that slips over the edge more and more after the first, but on its best levels is evocative

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and touching. In this last one more than in the others, the danger of running on too long with your theme is apparent. Forms in fiction seem to take care of their own limit, from a short-short to a shelf—for the only rule is, stop when you've finished: then see how much of it is too much. If this *novella* business is anything at all, it is an unfortunate temptation to the slipshod tendency of all of us to get lost in our own flux. OTIS FERGUSON

The Great Betrayers

The Post-War History of the British Working Class, by Allen Hutt. New York: Coward-McCann. 286 pages. $2.75.

IN READING this vigorous, often ironic narrative, one is led to speculate vainly on what would have been the fate of Europe if a dozen alert and militant leaders could have replaced the Ramsay MacDonalds, Philip Snowdens, J. H. Thomases and Arthur Pughs in the British Trade Union Congress and the British Labor Party. Certainly an aggressive working class would not have been so completely bewildered to find its own leaders fighting alongside the employing class and the Tory government. Time and again the trade-union and Labor Party officials stood between the government and the demands of the workers. The opportunity of the General Strike in 1926 was dismally bungled. "A vast army had entered battle with incomparable *élan;* but at its head stood generals anxious above all to avoid decisive actions, fearful of victory, concerned to bring the war to an end on any terms." Similarly, the two Labor governments under MacDonald were only too ready to sacrifice the interests of the working class on the altar of collaborationism, and apologetically undertook for the Tories the dirty work of forcing reductions in wages and in unemployment benefits on the workers.

However, "The Post-War History of the British Working Class" has a purpose beyond the chronicling of the already familiar stupidities, timidities and betrayals of British labor officialdom. Allen Hutt is interested in making a careful analysis of events, in order that the labor movement may profit by the mistakes of the post-war years. Two dangerous weaknesses are repeatedly pointed out. One is the unwillingness of the British labor leaders to give up their faith in gradualism. As soon as they are put on the offensive they expect the enemy to behave like a gentleman, and they generously forget that the object of the labor movement is, in the words of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, "nothing less than a reconstruction of society, by the elimination, from the nation's industries and services, of the capitalist profit-maker, and the consequent shrinking up of the class of functionless persons who live merely by owning." The other weakness lies in the barriers that have been erected to prevent the direct and democratic expression of the will of the workers. Had the will of the workers not been effectively shunted by the block voting of the trade unions and the machinery of the Labor Party, the leaders would have been compelled to wage a more determined fight upon unemployment and misery at home and upon fascism abroad.

For an American this excellent book has a double value. Besides presenting him with a comprehensive account of the intensification of the class struggle in Britain, it leads him to see the many parallels between British and American labor leadership. The same smothering of strikes is to be found in both, the same hesitancy in the face of a ruthless employers' assault upon trade unionism, the same Red-baiting, the same jurisdictional squabbles, the same preaching of partnership between capital and labor. There is, of course, the one great difference that American labor has not yet initiated the independent political action that has long been part of the British labor movement.

This book has one fault—its failure to give the exact sources for all of its quotations and statistics. Undoubtedly, reference notes are a nuisance, yet they can be stuck away inconspicuously at the end of a book. There they can reply to any quibbling about facts and to any challenge of the writer's authority. Except for this lack, Mr. Hutt has written a useful, exciting and keen book. SAMUEL YELLEN

New Books: A Reader's List

THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER, by Eunice Tietjens (Macmillan, $3). The refreshingly modest autobiography of a poet. Miss Tietjens is more interested in the people, places and events she has known than in their effects on herself. Through her job with the magazine Poetry in its salad days, she met many of her fellow craftsmen. She's been around too (Europe, the Orient, the South Sea Islands) and has had time for everything that goes to make a full life.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN, by Seumas MacManus (Macmillan, $2.50). The author's Irish boyhood and youth, with footnotes. Rather a grab-bag of jokes, autobiography, outrageous blarney, folklore and what not, but has its entertaining points.

GOUGE, by John Franklin Gaskill (published by the author, 914 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles). The "organized insurance racketeers" can't lose as the game is played today. Evidently a "twister" (insurance consultant), Mr. Gaskill exposes the numerous shady practices by which the big companies fleece policyholders of millions annually. He recommends federal insurance for all.

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JAMES I OF ENGLAND, by Clara and Hardy Steeholm (Covici, Friede, $3.75). Not only a thoroughgoing life of the "Wisest Fool in Christendom," but a detailed, gusty picture of his times. The Steeholm style doesn't get between you and the matter in hand, which (biographically) is all to the good.

JOURNEY TO MANAOS, by Earl P. Hanson (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3.). Level-headed account of a trip through South America's interior. Though Mr. Hanson went to study magnetism for the Carnegie Institute, his detours into pertinent reflections on life in the tropics make up the bulk of the book.

Contributors

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, lecturer and military critic, is the co-author, with R. Ernest Dupuy, of "If War Comes." He is writing a book on the strategy of military and naval defense of the American continents, for publication next fall by Reynal and Hitchcock.

EDWIN ROLFE, author of "To My Contemporaries," has been editing The Volunteer for Liberty, published in Barcelona, the weekly newspaper of the Washington-Lincoln Battalion.

DONALD B. ROBINSON is a reporter on one of New York City's daily newspapers.

RUBEN LEVIN, who is on the staff of The Milwaukee Leader, has written for Wisconsin labor and political weekly publications.

W. CABELL GREET is assistant professor of English at Barnard College. He is editor of American Speech, non-resident lecturer at Bryn Mawr College and Linguistic Counsellor to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MAL J. STUART is a free-lance newspaperwoman in Washington, D. C.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is co-author with Kelly Loe of "An Army of the Aged" and collaborated with Stephen B. Kahn on "Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris." He has served as Northwestern correspondent for The New York Times.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS has been a newspaperman since 1903. "The Conning Tower," his daily column, was known throughout the English-speaking world.

JOE WILLIAMS is the sports columnist for The New York World-Telegram and the Scripps-Howard papers.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of several books, including "Permanence and Change" and "Attitudes Toward History," both published in The New Republic Dollar Series.

DAWN POWELL, novelist and playwright, is the author, among other books, of "The Story of a Country Boy" and "Turn, Magic Wheel."

MIRIAM BORGENICHT free-lances in New York City.

SAMUEL YELLEN is a member of the English faculty at Indiana University and the author of "American Labor Struggles."

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